NOTES ON TRAVELS

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INCLUDING

A TRIP AROUND THE WORLD BY WAY OF AUSTRALIA

BY

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CONVENTION OF OHIO

THE F. J. HEER PRINTING CO.
COLUMBUS, OHIO
1915

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SOLOMON JOHNSON

PUBLISHED DECEMBER, 1914

SECOND EDITION PUBLISHED APRIL, 1915

PREFACE

THESE notes are the result of a few articles published in the local press while I was on my trip around the world, by way of Australia.

Since my return many readers of those articles have thanked me for the information that they contained and for the pleasure they enjoyed in reading them, and expressed the hope that I might expand them and publish them in book form.

Very few travelers take notes when on a vacation as it seems a task to do so, but the information and pleasure one derives from them by having them at hand for future reference are worth many times the cost of making them.

The writer's object in traveling has been primarily to get knowledge at first-hand and incidentally for pleasure. In selecting the material for this small book from the more than one thousand pages of original notes, the writer has had but one object in view, namely, the desire to furnish the reader with interesting information without making the chapters too long and tedious.

The references to the different agricultural

experiment stations visited, will no doubt be especially interesting to the rural readers.

It is however the hope of the writer that the book will prove interesting to all classes of readers and especially so to the young.

SOLOMON JOHNSON.

Stryker, Ohio, Sept., 1914.

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NOTES ON TRAVELS

CHAPTER I

TO VANCOUVER

AFTER getting business matters in shape and spending some time reading several excellent books on Australia and the Islands of the Pacific, my brother and I started on our trip to that far away country on November 22, 1910.

We very much desired to go by way of San Francisco but as there was no direct connection to Australia from that city we were compelled to sail from Vancouver, British Columbia. We went by way of Chicago and St. Paul and crossed into Canada at Portal near the northeast corner of North Dakota.

From Portal to Moose Jaw and beyond we passed through a fine farming country. It put me very much in mind of North Dakota. For miles and miles there was scarcely a tree or shrub but great tracts of level land without fences, dotted everywhere with strawstacks with a small building near each stack for storing grain. These buildings seemed to be ten or twelve feet wide and about fifteen or twenty feet long. They were, as a rule, neatly painted red

but now and then a building was not painted and had no roof. The grain was put into these temporarily and would soon be removed. A great majority of the strawstacks had no other buildings near them except these small grain houses.

These farms seemed to be large and the houses were far apart and most of them rather small. There were but few barns and the stock seemed to run out all winter. Much the same condition existed in the Province of Alberta, where so many people have been going from the United States during the past few years. Among others we met a family from southern Indiana, who were going far beyond Calgary expecting to find a land of promise.

The first class land through this section is worth from twenty-five to one hundred dollars per acre if near the railway. They raise large crops of wheat, oats, and barley, and in some cases they have turned their attention to flax raising. Some of the farms will produce from twenty-five to thirty-five bushels of wheat per acre and good crops of oats and barley, but grain raising is beginning to deplete the land so that they are now beginning to follow mixed farming in order to restore the fertility of the soil.

Flax produces from twelve to eighteen bushels of seed per acre and was worth a short time ago more than two dollars per bushel so the trusts were not entirely to blame for the high

price of linseed oil at that time. The price of the raw product had something to do with it.

We made our first stop at Banff in the Canadian National Park. It is a fine resort in summer but in winter it is rather a dreary place. It was here that we met with the first and only zero weather on our trip around the world. The thermometer stood at ten degrees below zero by the government report on Friday morning, November 25th.

It was a fine winter morning, very still but with little snow on the ground. My brother and I took a walk across the Bow River to the Cave and Basin, a sulphur spring whose temperature was about ninety degrees Fahrenheit. The large bathing pool is outside of the building. While we were there three travelers put on bathing suits, took a bath in the spring and seemed to be jolly and comfortable, although their heads were frosty from the zero weather above.

According to the government records at this place the temperature was from twenty-five to forty-seven degrees below zero all day on January 8, 1909, and for many days during that winter it was from thirty-five to forty degrees below zero.

We had expected to stop at Field, Laggan, and Glacier, but as everything is so dead in this section during the winter we concluded to go on to Revelstoke, a large town quite a distance beyond

the Continental Divide, and stop there over Sunday. The weather through the mountains was fine all the way from Banff. There was very little snow on the ground anywhere. This was a surprise, as those who are acquainted with the country say that there is usually an abundance of snow at this time of the year.

The ride through the mountains was fine. I was surprised that the Canadian Pacific Railway maintains such excellent service through the mountains at this distance north. After we passed Laggan and on toward Glacier and beyond, there were from twelve to fifteen miles of snowsheds made very strong with their roofs sloping up towards the mountains and hugging them very closely, so that when a glacier or snowslide comes down the mountains it strikes the roof and slides over the shed and drops on the opposite side of the track into the abyss below.

It would be impossible to maintain a regular service through the mountains without these sheds. Sometimes when a large stone or boulder slides down with the snow it will break through the roof of the shed and delay traffic for a short time.

While at Revelstoke, British Columbia, we attended the Canadian Methodist Church. The minister was a young man and preached a sermon on Faith. Besides the choir which consisted of six young ladies and five young gentlemen,

only about thirty persons were present. The house was chilly although the weather was not very cold outside.

We went from Revelstoke to North Bend and I think that I never saw a prettier sight than we beheld on our way from that place to Vancouver. The morning was bright and beautiful and the mountains were covered with snow more than half way down their sides but near their base and along the valley there was no snow and in many places horses and cattle were grazing in the pastures. The shrubs and trees on the sides of the mountains were covered with sleet and frost while those below and in the valley were fresh and green. The scene from the train as it ran through the valley was grand and beautiful beyond description.

The mountain scenery in Colorado and on the Pacific coast in the United States is very pretty. Whether the Canadian Rockies are more beautiful and magnificent than our own, I am unable to say, but the scenery is very fine and some of the resorts in the Canadian National Park must be delightful places to spend the summer.

Vancouver, twenty-five years ago, was nothing but a small village. They now claim more than one hundred thousand inhabitants. It is energetic and wide-awake. In the book stores you will find nearly all the American magazines, so many of them that I began to think that I

was in the United States. They have many articles for sale that were manufactured in the United States. In one business place I saw more than forty cash registers, some of them the finest made at Dayton, Ohio.

CHAPTER II

ACROSS THE PACIFIC

WE left Vancouver December 2d, on the steamer Zealandia with a full load of passengers representing a dozen or more nationalities. About three hundred people came down to the wharf to see us off. They were a jolly crowd. Nearly every one on board seemed happy. One young lady said jokingly to another, "I will never see you again." The reply was, "O, yes you will." The feeling in general was one of security and hope for a safe return.

We were to leave at one o'clock, but on account of the enormous mail, some of which was a little late, to be taken to the different parts of the world, we did not get off until two p. m. Our first landing was at Victoria on Vancouver Island at eight p. m., where we stopped for some passengers and more mail, intending to leave at nine p. m. But the mail again delayed us for nearly an hour. There were several wagon loads of mail, some for Honolulu, Suva, Brisbane, Sydney, Melbourne, Auckland, and elsewhere. The mail was put on board by use of a derrick, a large number of sacks being checked off of the

wagons, placed in a net and put into the hold of the vessel all at once.

We were soon on our way again sailing through the Strait out on the broad Pacific. The weather was fair but a little chilly, and we enjoyed the trip from Vancouver to Victoria very much, but what a change! We had no sooner gotten well out into the ocean than the sad fact dawned upon us that the grand old Pacific was not so "pacific" after all. The boat rolled and pitched and tossed us about in our beds so that scarcely any one wanted any breakfast. As a matter of fact I think only five went to breakfast, but they soon found that breakfast was not what they wanted and in short order they began to repent of their indiscretion. The boat tossed and pitched for two or three days. It was not what sailors call a storm, but there was something about it that made passengers sick who had been on the water more or less for twenty years and had never been sick until this their first experience. Passengers would stagger about as if they were intoxicated and several had hard falls. This rolling and pitching, like other things, came to an end and we had as a whole a pleasant and jolly trip to Honolulu.

There were twelve Mormon missionaries on board, two of whom got off at Honolulu, and some of the others went to Australia and New Zealand. Two women were in the party. Most of them

however were young men who seemed to have a desire to do the world some good.

We arrived at Honolulu before daylight on December 10th and waited outside the harbor for the health officer to come on board. He put in an appearance about seven o'clock and went through the formality of examining the passengers and crew, reported us all right and allowed the vessel to land. We had breakfast on board and went ashore at eight forty-five a. m., with notice that the vessel would sail again at one p. m. Every one seemed in a hustle to get to the postoffice to mail letters, cards, and presents, and to get mail from friends. We joined in the rush and in a few moments were in the United States postoffice on Uncle Sam's soil. At a long desk in the building many persons were stamping and mailing cards and letters. It was a busy place. After posting a dozen or more letters and cards we made our way up Fort Street to King Street and took an open trolley car for the Aquarium at Kapiolain Park. In a short time we passed the Judiciary Building. Just opposite it stands what was the Royal Palace. They were fine buildings, but more beautiful than any building were the tropical plants, shrubs, and trees that lined the streets nearly the whole distance to the Park. Plants and shrubs with the most beautiful flowers, shrubs with large bunches of bananas, stately palm trees and cocoanut trees, loaded with

bunches of cocoanuts were all about us and the lawn at the park was thick and soft like velvet.

We had not proceeded far on our trolley ride until I said, "This is surely Paradise." Truly it is worth a trip from New York to see it. All the adjectives that Marie Corelli uses in her novels will not describe it, so I shall not attempt to do so. Anyone who has visited Pasadena, near Los Angeles, California, with its semi-tropical plants may have a faint idea as to how beautiful it is here. The fact is that these, the Hawaiian Islands, are called the Paradise of the Pacific.

The Aquarium is well worth seeing, and while we were admiring the beauty of the fishes of many colors, imagine our surprise in running across a fellow passenger from Philadelphia who said, "This is nothing. If I had known that it was no better than this I would not have come." It seems as if some people have not the capacity to enjoy God's beautiful world. They need pity.

From the Aquarium we went to the Bishop Museum. On the way to the museum we passed several fields of sugar cane. The cane was just coming into head and looked very heavy. The museum is a very good one. It has Bishop Hall connected with it, at which about one hundred Hawaiians (young men) are getting an education, and across the way at some distance is a school for Hawaiian girls. The income of one-third of all the lands of the islands produces the

funds that sustains this museum and the schools, so we were informed.

The trolley service in Honolulu is first class and one can go almost any place for five cents. After strolling about the markets and stores we dropped into the Baltimore Dairy on Fort Street and had a dish of ice cream. We then returned to the steamer and found that it would not leave until two p. m. We had lunch on board and then I learned that the mail steamer "Asia" from the Orient, which had arrived earlier in the morning, would leave for San Francisco at five p. m. It lay across the wharf from our boat not one hundred feet away. I wrote two short letters, mailed them on that boat and got permission to pass through it. It carried about eighty cabin passengers for San Francisco and seemed to be manned by Chinese sailors.

At Honolulu, we left off a few passengers and took on board a few others. Among the number taken on board were United States navy men for the gunboat "Annapolis" stationed at Samoa Island. They were going as far as Suva, the capital of the Fiji Islands and then change for Samoa.

The trip from Honolulu to Suva was pleasant but uninteresting until we crossed the Line as the Equator is called. Then we passed Mary Islands. They are low, very small and not of much importance. After we crossed the Line, as

every one calls it, the passengers held what is called King Neptune's Court. They tried and condemned twelve or fifteen fellow passengers and as a punishment ducked them in a pond of water that was prepared on deck for that purpose. It was great sport and was enjoyed by all classes of passengers. There were fully three hundred present at the sport. The object of the farce was to initiate the new travelers into the mysteries of the southern hemisphere.

On the seventeenth we had a cricket match on board. The second cabin passengers challenged the first cabin for a match. The captain of the steamer assisted the second cabin passengers or they would have been beaten to a "frazzle," but with his assistance they came out slightly ahead.

One evening a show or concert was given for the benefit of the Royal Shipwreck Relief and Humane Society of New South Wales. The amount received was six pounds, ten shillings, or about thirty dollars. It was a free offering and there was nothing compulsory about it. About two hundred and fifty were present at the show which took place between eight and ten p. m.

The day following, Saturday, December 17th, there was a notice posted at the entrance of the music room stating that this will be considered Monday, the 19th of December, on account of crossing the one hundred and eightieth degree

west longitude. So we had two weeks without a Sunday.

A drill of the sailors took place during the trip, which was quite interesting. The ship's bell rang and a number of the sailors went on the upper deck and arranged the life boats ready for lowering them into the water and then put them in place again. This was done so that they would have the practice to do it quickly if necessary.

When we awoke on Monday morning, December 19th, we were in the Fijian Archipelago and during the forenoon at some distance from the ship beautiful green islands were all about us. At noon, we saw a small fishing sail boat manned by Fijians, who were clothed in their native dress, which consisted of a skirt fastened around the waist and reaching nearly to the knees. They came very close to our ship and we could see that they were dark skinned and curly headed. They gave us a salute by waving their hands and we returned the compliment.

Suva is the capital of the group of islands and looks very pretty as we approach it from the sea. It seems to be nestling at the foot of the hills close to the water's edge.

The village contains a population of about four thousand, and of that number not more than twelve hundred are whites. A great majority of the remainder are natives, although there is a

large number of East Indians from Calcutta, a few Chinese, Japanese, and other nationalities also form a part of the population. In fact, there is one street in Suva called the Street of all Nations, because of the many nationalities represented upon it.

Suva is indeed an odd looking place. Nearly all of the houses are only one story high, of the bungalow style, on account of the frequency of windstorms and hurricanes. The people are as odd as their surroundings.

It is said that this is the largest town on any of the islands in the Pacific south of Honolulu and north of Auckland, New Zealand. These islands are rich and very productive, but the native Fijian does not care to develop their resources. He does not like to work; in fact, there is no necessity for him to do so. His wants are few and easily supplied. He enjoys fishing, is a good sailor and thus supplies himself with fish. He raises a few yams; fruit is abundant; he requires but little clothing and he seems to be contented and happy. Less than seventy-five years ago the people of these islands were cannibals but now, thanks to Christianity, they are a docile, kind, and obliging people. Men and women are rarely molested in their travels throughout these islands. While these islands belong to Great Britain, the natives in a great measure control

themselves, as the British allow them to keep up their tribal governments.

The resources of the islands are for the most part developed by the whites who import East Indians to do their work. These people are usually brought to the islands under a five year contract, but when their time expires and they become free they are likely to remain. There are about forty thousand Indians upon the islands. They are fairly good workers but they are not liked as they are said to be of a treacherous disposition.

The Christian religion has not had as good an effect upon the East Indian as it has had upon the native Fijian. While the natives outnumber the Indians two to one, it is said that ninety percent of all the crimes are committed by the latter. The Indian population is increasing at a rapid rate, while the natives are scarcely holding their own. It is feared that in a few years these foreigners will overrun all of the islands. During our Civil War (1861-65), when the price of cotton was very high, the British attempted to develop that industry. It was found that excellent cotton could be produced here, but some years after the war closed and prices declined, the project was abandoned.

The writer was told by a well-informed gentleman who spent two years in Suva as a school

teacher that there were more white people on the islands forty years ago than there are at present. Said he, "There is no inducement held out for the white race to settle on these islands and there is no attempt made to teach the natives English." The natives have English schools, however, and many of them can read and write. The principal industry of the islands is the production of sugar, but they also raise some tobacco and rice.

Our stay at Suva was very short, as it was nearly six p. m. when we went ashore and it was soon dark. We mailed several letters at the postoffice, walked about the village for a short time and then returned to the steamer, which left for Brisbane about midnight.

The trip to Brisbane was rather uninteresting, but as the passengers had organized a Sports and Pastime Club which furnished amusement and also published a paper called the "Zealandia Times," the long hours passed quickly and pleasantly.

We arrived at Pinkenba Wharves about one p. m. on December 24th and were soon permitted to go on shore with instructions to be back on board at six p. m. Many of the passengers took advantage of this opportunity to visit Brisbane, which is a little city about nine miles away. It is the capital of Queensland, one of the Australian states, and contains several good public build-

ings. The stores were beautiful, as the display of Christmas presents was very fine. Our stay in Brisbane was rather short and we soon returned to the steamer.

My first impression of Australia was favorable.

We were soon on board the steamer again and at seven p. m. we were on our way to Sydney, the metropolis of the Commonwealth of Australia and the capital of the state of New South Wales.

We spent our Christmas on shipboard. The lady passengers bought a lot of presents at Brisbane for the children and had a Christmas tree in the dining room with appropriate exercises from ten to eleven a. m. It was a pretty tree, loaded with presents, and the children enjoyed it immensely. Mr. Spencer, an old English gentleman, was dressed up as Santa Claus and I dare say we all thought he looked like the real fellow.

We arrived at Sydney on Monday morning, December 26th. Sunday being Christmas, Monday was observed as a holiday and no business of any kind was done. As Tuesday was Boxing Day, the banks and nearly all other places of business remained closed, but the post office was open part of the time.

There were cheap excursions in all directions

from Sydney, either by railway or by boat, and on the 27th we took a trip to Manly Beach, a suburb of Sydney and one of the fine pleasure resorts across the harbor. We went on a small steamer and I never saw such a jam of people on any excursion before this in my life. The boat was crowded, even standing room was all taken, and then some had to wait for the next trip.

This immense jam continued during the entire day, although boats would go and return every half hour and towards evening every fifteen minutes. This harbor is renowned as one of the finest in the world, and the people of Sydney are justly proud of it. The entrance to the harbor is only a little more than a mile wide, and it is protected on each side by a high rocky coast called The Heads. The harbor contains many inlets, its coast line is many miles in extent and the water is so deep that the ships can land almost any place. It is said that the harbor is large enough to accommodate all the ships in the world and have room to spare, but this may be an exaggeration.

We are now in the South Temperate Zone and the North Star is entirely lost to view but instead of it we see the Southern Cross. As a matter of course the sun rises in the east just as it does at home but in passing to the west it goes north of us instead of south so that at noon our shadows fall to the south and it is needless to say that it

seems quite odd. The moon also passes north of us in going from east to west.

The Australians have their summer in December, January, and February so it is quite warm there at Christmas time. In fact, the day after we arrived, the thermometer stood at ninety-six degrees in the shade. The Sydney papers reported that it was the hottest day since December 14, 1909, when it stood at one hundred and two degrees in the shade. The heat does not seem very oppressive and the nights are cool.

On December 28th, we left Sydney for Auckland, New Zealand, on the steamer Maheno of the Union Line. More than a dozen of the passengers that arrived in Sydney on the steamer Zealandia were passengers on this ship.

As this was the holiday season there were several school teachers and government officials from Australia among the passengers.

After a pleasant voyage of nearly thirteen hundred miles we arrived at Auckland about two p. m. on January 1, 1911.

CHAPTER III

NEW ZEALAND

AUCKLAND is the metropolis of New Zealand and was formerly its capital. The city was full of visitors as this was the holiday season; and the next day after our arrival as I was sitting in the hotel by the window, the voices of the fruit peddlers and of the many boys selling programs of the races which were to take place soon, together with the activity on the street, made it look and sound so much like a scene in an American city that I could hardly realize that I was in a foreign city many miles from home.

Queen Street, which is a very broad one, is the main thoroughfare of the city, so much so that some people speak of Auckland as a city of but one street. It has however several other very good streets. It has several fine public buildings, among which are the Museum, the Art Gallery, the Free Public Library and several places of amusement. The city is well provided with places of worship representing the Anglican, Roman Catholic, Methodist, Baptist, Congregational, and Unitarian denominations. The parks

of the city furnish plenty of room for outdoor recreation. Albert Park, which is nicely laid out, is very pretty with its abundance of flowers, shrubs, and plants; and among other things it contains a fine bronze statue of Queen Victoria on a granite base erected by the people of Auckland district to commemorate the sixtieth year of her reign. The Domain is a large tract of land with interesting drives and paths. The cricket ground within its borders is said to be the largest and finest one in New Zealand.

The Grafton Bridge over Cemetery Gulley is one of the finest and largest cement bridges in the world. It consists of one long span, more than one hundred feet above the ground as it spans the Gully, which I think gets its name from a very old cemetery which extends along one side of the Gully and under one end of the bridge. In mentioning some of the many places of interest in and about Auckland, Mount Eden should be included. It is a volcanic hill more than six hundred feet high with an extinct crater about seventy-five feet deep in the top of it. This crater has grass around its sides and a few barren stones in the bottom. The landscape scenery is very pretty from the top of this mound. The city is lying at your feet, the suburbs are around about you and the Pacific Ocean is in full view on both sides of the peninsula.

Before my brother and I left Auckland, we

secured at the Auckland agency, New Zealand Government Tourist and Health Resorts tickets good for a tour by railway, steamer, coach, and motor from Auckland to Bluff at the southern extremity of South Island by way of Rotorua, Lake Taupo, Wellington, Christchurch, and Dunedin.

We left Auckland for Rotorua on January 4th, and when about thirty miles from Auckland we passed the noted ostrich farm belonging to the Helvetia Estate. We also passed through Hamilton, a thriving town on the Waikato River. It has a population of about three thousand and is situated in a good farming and pastoral district. We saw several fields of New Zealand flax of which cordage is made. It grows well on low, swampy land. We passed a large native village, soon after which we arrived at Rotorua, a little before sundown, and secured lodging at the Carlton Hotel.

Rotorua is the official center of what is called the Hot Lakes District although Hot Springs District would be more appropriate. The Sanitarium Grounds and Gardens are very pretty. They contain a beautiful fountain, tennis and croquet lawns, beautiful arbors, and pleasant shady walks. At night the grounds are lit by electricity and during the evenings it is a pleasant place for promenading.

The mineral springs in and about the town

are quite numerous, some of which have gained world-wide renown because of the great medicinal value of their water.

On January 5th we made what is known as the Round Trip through the most interesting part of the Hot Springs District. Just a short distance from Rotorua we passed the native village of Whakarewarewa, a Maori settlement. There are several geysers to be seen at this village. The natives who are called Maoris do their cooking by the heat of some of these hot springs. This native village of Whakarewarewa, called Whaka for short, is quite an interesting place.

Our next stop after a fine drive of seventeen miles was at Waimangu where we ate our lunch which we took with us from Rotorua, and then our party went to the Waimangu House and engaged Guide Ingle to show us the sights. About fifty tourists, including twenty ladies, started on a two and a half mile walk with the guide about the hills and valleys of the most wonderful Hot Spring District of New Zealand. This is the district in which the terrible eruptions and earthquake occurred June 10, 1886, and which destroyed the native village of Te Wairoa.

In what is called the Echo Crater are situated the Frying Pan, the Waimangu Blow Hole, and the Waimangu Geyser. Sulphur, alum, salt, and other chemicals are deposited on the surface of the hot sand. The Frying Pan is about one-

fourth of an acre in extent and is covered with hundreds of miniature geysers. The tourist can walk around about and among them, although in some places the ground is so hot that it would burn his feet if he remained very long. At some places in the Frying Pan the guide would take a shovel and dig out of the boiling sand at our feet large numbers of small pebbles shining like nuggets of silver, many of which would dissolve as they were exposed to the air. Some of these pebbles make handsome souvenirs of the trip.

About three hundred feet away from the Frying Pan, we came to the Waimangu Blow Hole from which issues a powerful jet of steam under pressure. Recently it has become intermittent. It is quiet for seven minutes and then roars for eleven minutes. Formerly it was fairly constant but not so strong as now. Guide Ingle said that the Blow Hole is three degrees Fahrenheit too hot for a geyser. That is, if it were three degrees cooler at the outlet, the steam would condense and water would accumulate in the outlet, thus producing a geyser.

We next went to what was the Great Waimangu Geyser. The area of its crater is two and one-half acres, but it usually sent up one and one-half acres of water into the air. The highest shot photographed shows one and one-third acres of water rising fifteen hundred feet high. It was

a wonderful geyser twelve or fifteen years ago, but it is not in action now as its crater is filled up with sand.

The tourist is shown a hot creek joining a cold one coming from the foot of Rainbow Mountain.

The guide left us now and we walked a short distance to Lake Rotomahana where two launches were ready to take us across. It took us one-half hour to cross this lake, the water of which was hot in some places and cold in others.

After crossing the lake we were met by the celebrated guide, Warbrick, one of the heroes at the time of the eruptions and earthquake heretofore mentioned. He took us up a hill so that we could have a good view and then told us of the many things that took place at the time of the terrible eruption of Mount Tarawera. He said that the area of the lake that we had just crossed contained six thousand acres and that it is more than five hundred feet deep, but before the earthquake it contained only four hundred acres. As he was an eye witness of the terrible scenes that took place on June 10, 1886, he gave us a vivid description of them. He said that it was reported that some of the ashes caused by the eruption fell on the decks of steamers more than two hundred miles away, and that particles of lava and dust were thrown to the height of seven miles. The beautiful Pink and White Terraces were destroyed at that time. They were consid-

ered one of the finest sights in New Zealand. The loss of life was not so great as it might have been from the fact that the native village destroyed at this time was almost entirely deserted because the inhabitants were attending some public meeting at a village some distance away. The New Zealand official year book for 1910 places the number of lives lost at one hundred and one.

Just one-half hour after we left the boats on Lake Rotomahana we got on a launch on Lake Tarawera. The last mentioned lake is rather prettier than the former. The two lakes are not far apart and there is much lava between them. It took about forty minutes to cross this lake, and when we got off the launch we were met by the coaches going back to Rotorua by another route. In a short time we arrived at the lunch house, where we stopped one-half hour to see the effects of the earthquake that destroyed the native village. We saw the schoolmaster's iron bedstead all covered with earth except one of the ends, which was slightly above the ground. It is said that the schoolmaster was among the lost. We saw the ruins of the hotel and other buildings which were left just as they were after the earthquake. We soon left for Rotorua and passed Green Lake (Rotokakahi) and Blue Lake (Tikitapu) and arrived at Rotorua at five-thirty p. m. On January 6th we left Rotorua on the

Overland trip by way of Waiotapu, Wairakei and Lake Taupo, to Waiouru, a railway station on the main line from Auckland to Wellington. This was an interesting trip of one hundred and twenty-six miles, part of which was through the wonderful Hot Springs District, but much of which was through a lonely, desolate country, especially south of Lake Taupo. After leaving Rotorua we followed as far as Earthquake Flat the same route that we traveled on the round trip the previous day, and then we took a new route and passed Rainbow Mountain, leaving it near us on the left. The day before this mountain was far to our right. Just before we arrived at Waiotapu we passed Mud Volcano. It is just a little mound only a few feet high which we ascended by means of plank steps and looked into the crater. It put me in mind of a very large kettle full of boiling mud. It was not dangerous but occasionally it would throw out a little mud on a tourist who stood too near it. We arrived at Waiotapu, which is about twenty-one miles from Rotorua, at noon. There was a large hot spring just east of the hotel. Soon after dinner we left this place for Wairakei. Much of the way from Waiotapu to Wairakei is through a desolate country. In many places there is much pumice and the country is very poor. A rain overtook us when we were within six or seven miles of our journey's end.

We arrived at Wairakei, which is about fifty miles south of Rotorua, at about five-thirty p. m. There is a fine bathing pool near the hotel. It is supplied with water from one of the hot springs and is always nice and clean. Its temperature is from ninety to ninety-five degrees Fahrenheit. It has a cement floor and is surrounded by a cement wall about three feet high. As the running water flows through it it makes an ideal bathing place. The next morning we took a guide and started on foot on the Geyser Valley sights trip. This valley is full of interesting sights, such as Sparkling Cauldron, the Great Wairakei, the Fairies' Pools containing oil, soda, alum and iron, the Donkey Engine, which seems to play or act like an engine, the Dragon's Mouth Geyser, the Ink Pot or Black Geyser, Orange Geyser, Long Tom or Mud Geyser, the Eagle's Nest Geyser, the Devil's Punch Bowl, the Boiler, the Menagerie, and others. One of the pools will not play unless the cold water which runs into it is diverted from it and then it will become active within twenty-five minutes. Paddle Wheel Geyser is very pretty. Several of the other geysers also are quite interesting. We returned to the hotel and were driven to the Aratiatia Rapids, about four miles from the hotel on the Waikato River. The rapids are rather pretty.

Mr. A. S. Graham, proprietor of Geyser

Hotel at Wairakei, informed me that the nearest settlement to this place was Taupo, six miles away. It contains fifteen or twenty houses and has a government school. The government will establish a school where there are six or seven children, but the parents may have to board the teacher. There is no school at Wairakei.

In fact, there are no houses here except the hotel and one or two houses for guides and attendants. It is about fifty miles to the nearest government railway, but there is a private owned railway used mostly for hauling timber and other freight which is only about fourteen miles away.

The elevation here is thirteen hundred and fifty feet, which makes the nights quite cool.

Of the many interesting sights at Wairakei, one of the most wonderful is Karapiti, or the Devil's Blow Hole. It is nearly two miles from the hotel. It is a circular depression a few feet deep and about ten or twelve feet in diameter, situated snugly against a bank about forty feet high. At intervals a great volume of steam will issue forth with great force out of this depression at an angle of about forty-five degrees and to the height of fifty or sixty feet. The force was so great that pieces of tin and articles of clothing thrown into the steam would be blown thirty or forty feet away. When the Devil's Blow Hole is not in action a person can walk all around in the depression. It is not known where

this steam is accumulated, but it is supposed to come from the geysers heretofore mentioned, although they are one mile and a half away.

Sunday afternoon, January 8th, my brother and I with several other tourists left Wairakei for Taupo in a motor car. We passed along the Waikota River for some distance and had a fine view of the falls. We soon arrived at Taupo, which is situated on the northeast extremity of Lake Taupo. We visited the Springs, the Steam Terraces, the Crow's Nest, Alum Pool, Soapy Water Pool, Soda Pool and Mud Pools. At some places the ground seemed dangerous to walk upon. Some of the pools are close to the bank of the River Waikato. After walking around the geysers for about an hour we sat on the bank of the river waiting for Crow's Nest Geyser to play. It is intermittent and does not play except at long intervals. After waiting for more than two hours it began to play and threw great quantities of water from forty to fifty feet high.

On January 9th we crossed Lake Taupo, which is the largest lake in New Zealand. The distance across is about twenty-six miles. The boat was not a very good one and it rolled a great deal. Several of the passengers got quite sick. It required a little more than three hours to cross the lake. In the morning before we left on the boat, a carrier pigeon was let go to inform those at the south end of the lake how many tourists

would need conveyance to Waiouru. It was found that twenty of the passengers were going to that place. So when we reached Tokaanu at the south end of the lake we were met by two hacks and a small open wagon. It had been misting all morning and now it began to rain quite hard and the roads were miserable, so after driving about sixteen miles they changed horses, and then after driving about sixteen miles farther they changed again and we arrived at Waiouru just after dark.

The weather was quite fine the next morning but rather chilly. We had a fine view of a snow covered mountain a long distance from the hotel. We had a terrible ride of forty-four miles from Lake Taupo through a desolate and unsettled country in an open wagon to this place.

We left Waiouru for Wellington on January 10th. The cars were quite good but rather narrow. We stopped at Palmerston North a short time. It is situated on a fine plain in the midst of an excellent farming district eighty-seven miles north of Wellington. There was a McCormick binder at the railway station at that place. I met a young man there and he told me that he had driven a McCormick binder on his father's farm. They had also used the Massey-Harris binder but they liked the McCormick best. Some Osborne binders were also used. We passed many acres of New Zealand flax. They seemed to be

cutting some of it green and were hauling it to the mill. At some places along the railway they were digging potatoes, cutting oats and making hay.

We arrived at Wellington before dark and in the evening I called upon the editor of the Times. He gave me a note introducing me to Sir Joseph George Ward, the Premier.

Wellington, the capital of the Dominion, is situated upon a fine harbor at the south end of North Island. There is a fixed white light at Pencarow Head on the east side of the entrance to the harbor at a height of three hundred and twenty-two feet. It is visible at sea for twenty-five miles. The seat of government was removed to this place from Auckland in 1865 on account of its central position. The city contains some first class public buildings, among which might be mentioned the Public Trust Building, the General Post Office, the Government Life Insurance Offices, the Government Printing Office, the Government Railway Office and the Public Library.

The Zoological Gardens at Newton Park are well worth visiting. They contain many beautiful birds of all colors and some of the strangest kinds of animals, among which were a bushtailed wallaby, a catlike monkey, and a lace monitor (a lizard). My brother and I had a big climb to the top of Mount Victoria, which is about eight hundred feet high. It gives one a fine view of

Wellington and the harbor, but not so magnificent as the view from Mount Eden at Auckland.

I called at the Premier's office but did not meet him as he was holding a cabinet meeting, but his secretary gave me a dozen or more copies of "Parliamentary Debates," which is the official report of the proceedings in the legislative council and house of representatives in the Parliament of the Dominion. He also gave me the New Zealand official year book for 1910. It is a book of more than nine hundred pages, full of valuable information. The secretary was very courteous and urged me to call again, but want of time prevented my doing so.

On January 11th at eight p. m. we left Wellington for Lyttleton on the Steamer Maori promptly on time. In fact, it is said that this boat is never a minute late. It was a very fine boat used almost exclusively for passenger traffic.

The governor, the Right Honorable William Lee, the Premier, Sir Joseph George Ward, and other members of the government were among the passengers.

We arrived at Lyttleton at seven a. m. on the 12th. The government party was met upon our arrival by two special cars. They were on a tour of the South Island so as to be present at Invercargill on the 14th when the first ground would be broken for the building of tram car lines at

that place. Soon after our arrival at Lyttleton we left for Christchurch, which is only seven miles away. It is the capital of the Canterbury District. It has some fine public buildings. The city is surprisingly English in its appearance and surroundings.

On the way from Christchurch to Dunedin we saw many fine residences along the coast and some good bathing places. Dunedin is said to be a Scotch city as it was settled by people from Scotland. While at the city of Dunedin we stopped at the Leviathan Hotel.

In walking along one of the main streets of Dunedin I noticed a McCormick binder within a building. We stepped inside and saw two machinists putting up another one. I inquired for the proprietor and was referred to the office where we met F. W. Jones, an American, who used to be a citizen of Iowa but who now represented the International Harvesting Machine Company of America in New Zealand with headquarters at Christchurch. He left Chicago in November, 1908. He was much pleased to see us and showed us the different farm implements in the warehouse, among which were a Deering binder and a mower. Upon making inquiries in regard to the sale of other American binders, we were informed that the International Company sell only the McCormick and the Deering at this place. Being in the presence of the general agent

of the International Harvesting Company of America and with the McCormick and Deering machines around about us, we could scarcely realize that we were more than nine thousand miles away from home.

We were at Invercargill on January 14th when the first ground was broken for the building of tram car lines. Seventy-five thousand pounds (about three hundred and seventy-five thousand dollars) had been voted for that purpose. Speeches were made by the Governor, the Premier, and the Mayor. It was an enthusiastic gathering and great predictions were made in regard to the future of the place. Invercargill is a city of about twelve thousand inhabitants, and it seems strange to an American that no provision had been made for street cars, or tram cars as they call them, until this time.

New Zealand was formerly called a colony, but since September, 1907, by Royal Proclamation it is now known as the Dominion of New Zealand. The main islands of the Dominion are the North, the South and Stewart Islands, but there are many others of less note. The government of New Zealand is entirely distinct and separate from Australia. It has a governor appointed by the King of Great Britain to represent the crown, but he does not meddle with the local affairs of the country. The people of New Zealand are proud of the mother country, and it

is their boast that every man, woman and child would defend her against any other country in the world. They proved their loyalty in the recent war with South Africa by sending to the front many of their best men, and I have seen several monuments which were dedicated to the brave New Zealanders who fell in that struggle.

The Dominion is not large, being less than one-half the size of the state of Texas, and it contains only a trifle more than one million inhabitants, but the enthusiastic New Zealander is of the opinion that his country when fully developed will sustain a population of thirty millions; probably fifteen or twenty millions would be nearer the mark. We visited the four largest cities of New Zealand, but they all combined contain only a little more than one-half the population of Cleveland, Ohio.

The law making body is composed of the legislative council, or upper house, and a lower house called the house of representatives. The council is composed of forty-two members, two of whom are Native Chiefs representing the native population. The members of the council are appointed by the Governor and hold their office for seven years; formerly their term was during life. The house of representatives is composed of eighty members, including four natives. They are elected by the voters in the different

districts, and hold their office for the term of three years.

New Zealand is one of the most socialistic countries in the world. In addition to the post office, the telegraph, the telephone and the railway, the government owns and is operating two or three large coal mines. The land tax is assessed on the unimproved value of the land so that there is an entire exemption of improvements on the land from taxation. There is also a graduated land tax in force, having as its object the division of large estates into smaller ones. The government is also buying some large estates and dividing them up into small parcels and then renting them or selling them to those who wish to occupy them.

The people of New Zealand make their own laws, including the tariff. They have had some sort of an old age pension law since 1878. In 1908 the amount for old age pensions was increased, so that now (1911) the first qualification is that the applicant must have reached the age of sixty-five years. There are other qualifications and restrictions, and if there is no legal cause for deductions each applicant will receive an annual pension of twenty-six pounds (about one hundred and twenty-six dollars).

While New Zealand is a colony in name, it seems like a republic in fact, and the people are

as free to manage their local affairs as any other people in the world. But notwithstanding all this, it has its labor troubles, and it is not true now as formerly to say that New Zealand is a country without strikes. With all of its state socialism and all of its excellent provisions for the laboring man and with a government in sympathy with labor, yet there have been several strikes recently and the labor problem seems to be as big a problem in New Zealand as it is in the United States.

While in New Zealand I interviewed a great many people in regard to government ownership of the telegraph, the telephone and the railway, and they were unanimously of the opinion that government ownership, with all of its faults, is better for the people than private ownership, but in regard to government ownership of the land and the coal mines there was a difference of opinion.

The people are kind and congenial and pleased to furnish information. In Auckland the writer met a very intelligent physician, in fact, he was the visiting physician of the Auckland Hospital. He said that in his opinion in a very few years all of the English speaking people in the world would be united under one government and would have a president or a king — it did not matter what we called him, as he would be only a figurehead.

In July, 1908, the United States Navy on its tour of the world called at Auckland, and many people from all parts of New Zealand came to Auckland to celebrate the event. The soldiers made a good impression on the people, and they were unanimously of the opinion that they were a credit to our country.

The climate of New Zealand is so mild that the grass is green during the entire year, which makes the country well suited for grazing purposes. According to the government report on April 30, 1910, there were nearly twenty-four million sheep in the Dominion, and that would make more than twenty sheep for every man, woman and child in the country. Wool is the important product of New Zealand. The annual value of the wool exported amounts to nearly one-third of the entire value of all the domestic articles exported. New Zealand has an excellent climate for all-around agricultural purposes. Indeed, it may be said that the high average yields of grain obtained are due more to the climatic conditions than to the extraordinary fertility of the soil.

When my brother and I were in New Zealand in 1911, they were in the midst of their harvest season, which takes place in January, and we saw many excellent fields of wheat, oats and grass and some barley fields. Some of the wheat fields were very heavy; in fact, the heaviest that

I ever saw, and no doubt they would produce from forty to fifty bushels per acre and perhaps more. This is an excellent farming district, said to be the "best in the world," and known as the Canterbury Plains. The average yield of wheat for the whole of New Zealand is often from thirty to thirty-five bushels per acre and sometimes the yield is even greater than that. Want of time prevented our stopping off at Ashburton on our way to Dunedin to visit John Grigg's farm ten or twelve miles away. He is said to be one of the largest and best general farmers in New Zealand. He uses from twenty to twenty-five grain binders on his farm. It is said that he uses them a season or two and then sells them for what they will bring and buys new ones.

Wellington is considered one of the stormiest towns south of the equator, but when we were there it was quiet and pleasant. The stormiest weather we met with in New Zealand was on a Sunday afternoon at Invercargill, when it blew a perfect gale and the dust would fill our eyes to our great discomfort.

On Monday morning, January 16th, the government party left Invercargill for the north in a special car and my brother and I left that place soon afterwards for Bluff, a short distance away, to take the steamer Manuka for Hobart and Melbourne. Bluff seems to be a flat place, but there is a high hill or bluff near by from which it gets

its name. We secured our tickets for this trip at Christchurch so as to be sure of getting berths. We went on board of the steamer about noon and were soon informed by the purser that this boat on its way to Hobart would call at Milford Sound and that this would be the first trip of the season to the Sound. The steamer left Bluff about five p. m. and arrived at the Sound about seven-thirty the next morning. The coast with its inlets looked fine for many miles before we reached the Sound. We were very fortunate to have an opportunity to see the noted Milford Sound. The ship had to make a trip there with some provisions and to take on one or two passengers. The entrance to the Sound is not more than one-half mile wide and it is through a winding path, so to speak, so that when the boat approaches it, it seems as if it would run into the rocks, and after we are in the entrance a short distance we were rockbound and could not see out upon the ocean. Lofty rocks covered with small evergreens down to the water's edge lined either side part of the way. On one side a short distance from the shore is Mitre Peak with its barren, rocky head, more than five thousand feet above us, and on the other side is Pembroke Glacier, more than six thousand feet high, covered with ice and snow supposed to be from two to three hundred feet deep. The rocks go straight down into the water so that the boat

would strike the shore before it would touch the rocks beneath. This Sound is eight miles long and the upper end of it is more than a mile wide. It is said that its depth at its entrance is from one hundred and fifty to two hundred feet, while at its upper end it reaches the enormous depth of more than twelve hundred and fifty feet. The surveyor-general of New Zealand was a fellow passenger and gave me an excellent map of Fiord County, including Milford Sound.

Of all the numerous sounds that indent the southwest coast of New Zealand, this, while not the largest, is much the most picturesque. We arrived at the upper end of the Sound about eight-thirty in the morning and had a fine view of the mountains and waterfalls while the ship discharged a little cargo. The ship was then turned and in a short time we were out upon the ocean on our way to Hobart.

New Zealand is a small country, yet for its size it has perhaps more variation of climate and more natural curiosities than any other country in the world. Some other countries have hot springs, high mountains, icy glaciers, peculiar birds and ferns without number, but the tourist must travel over a greater extent of country to see them than is required here.

CHAPTER IV

HOBART TO SYDNEY

WE arrived at Hobart about midnight on the 19th and in the morning we learned that the boat could not leave for Melbourne before eight at night. After arranging for a twenty-two mile drive to leave Hobart at two-fifteen p. m., we visited the museum and art gallery. Among the interesting sights in the museum we saw a specimen of the bird without feathers, and also the egg of the aepyornis, an extinct bird. The egg was at least from twelve to fourteen inches long and about six or eight inches in diameter. The library contained some good books but it was small. We took a stroll through Franklin Park and saw a tree planted on the day of the Prince of Wales's marriage to Princess Alexandra to commemorate the event. We took a trip on the top of a tram car to the Cascades. It was a nice ride and the city looked fine from the top of the car. We then went to the government tourist office to take the twenty-two mile trip on a tallyho. It began to rain, but twenty of us tourists started on the trip. Soon after we started it rained very hard. After

we had gone about two miles we persuaded the driver to let us get off and go back, which most of us did, making use of a tram car for our return to the city. We called at the government tourist office, and every one of us that could not go with the party the next day received his money back and those that could go were told to be ready for the trip.

Hobart is a fine little city of about forty thousand inhabitants and is the capital of Tasmania, which is one of the states of the Australian Commonwealth. Tasmania is noted for its fine fruit. Thousands of cases of apples are shipped to England every year. About ten o'clock p. m. we left for Melbourne, Australia. The voyage was a very pleasant one, and as there were many Australian tourists on board I secured much valuable information in regard to woman suffrage, the labor problem, government ownership of public utilities and kindred subjects.

One of the most interesting interviews during the trip was one I had with Attorney General Holman of New South Wales. He is one of the frankest men I ever met in public life. He said that government ownership of the telephone, the telegraph and the railway was a success, but land ownership since the great drought of several years ago was very unsatisfactory. I also interviewed him in regard to the Peter Bowling affair. He said that Mr. Bowling was the leader of the

coal strike, that he was very radical, that he violated the law, that it was right to punish him, but that his punishment was too severe, that others were punished when he was and that their terms had expired before the election in October last, so that when he became attorney general, thinking that Mr. Bowling had suffered sufficiently, he released him. Many people were of the opinion that the government did wrong to release Mr. Bowling, but I learned from other sources that there was a great public clamor for his release and that if he had not been set free his continuance in prison might have caused a riot.

The voyage from Bluff to Melbourne is usually considered a rough one as some parts of it are in what are called the Roaring Forties, but on this trip the sea was fairly smooth. We arrived at Melbourne at eight a. m. on January 22d and went to the Victoria Coffee House on Collins Street. Melbourne is the capital of the state of Victoria, and contains about one-half million people. The Federal Parliament of Australia will hold its meetings here until a seat of government is provided for the commonwealth. Soon after our arrival at the hotel we met a retired Presbyterian minister more than eighty years of age, and upon inquiry in regard to churches he directed us to the Wesleyan Methodist Church on Lonsdale Street. We attended

services there and enjoyed some excellent music and a first class sermon. At the close of the sermon it was announced that Mr. Verran, the Premier of South Australia, would give a lecture in the church at three o'clock p. m. on social reforms. The church was a fine one and quite large. We attended the lecture in the afternoon. Perhaps fifteen hundred were present. The minister of the church presided, and there was an interesting song service before the speaker was introduced. The songs were such as I have heard many a time in America. The lecture was quite good but Mr. Verran was very radical on some points and ridiculed the church a great deal. He thought laboring men were foolish and that they should not be ruled by capital. He accused the church as caring more for capital than for labor. I think he was honest and sincere. The lecture was very interesting to me. He scored the church for not doing its duty. He said the church's mission was not to save men from hell hereafter but to help them here. I quite agree with him. He said in order to have a good man he must be well fed, well clothed and well housed.

Melbourne is a fine city with wide streets. They are almost too wide. Many of them have a row of shrubs or flowers along the center with traffic on either side. On Monday we visited the library and the museum, which were very fine. The attendant at the library said that it was the

best one south of the line (equator). After visiting several other places of interest which will be referred to later, we took the evening express for Sydney. We changed cars at Albury on the state line between Victoria and New South Wales and arrived at Sydney about noon on the 24th.

CHAPTER V

SYDNEY AND NEW SOUTH WALES

WE made our headquarters at Sydney for a little more than three weeks and while there made several excursions out into the country. One of these interesting trips was to the town of Berry, about eighty miles south of Sydney, for the purpose of visiting the estate of the late Sir John Hay. We arrived at Berry in the evening, and the next morning we hired a trap and drove to the Homestead. Upon our arrival at the Homestead I inquired for the manager and was shown the accountant's office. I soon made my wants known and then the accountant, Mr. Robertson, said, "We will put up your horse." He called one of the men who took care of the horse and we went on a jaunt to look around the premises. We were shown some of the dairy cows and the dairy barns, but these were not in good shape as arrangements had been made to dispose of the estate and nothing has been done to keep it up since the death of the proprietor, which occurred several years ago.

The large house and surroundings called the

Homestead put me in mind of a large English estate, and in its former days must have been very fine. There was a large greenhouse connected with it, together with a large and well kept flower garden. In the mansion was a large reception room with a billiard table, a large dining room and a room containing a library, said to be worth twenty-five thousand dollars, but I think the estimate was too high.

A small building near by contained an audience room for school, church and social purposes. It would seat one hundred or more persons. In an early day they had a saw mill on the estate and sawed their own lumber, and they even dug a canal about two miles long to get a better outlet to the ocean for a small river that runs through the estate. They made their own bookcases, did their own blacksmithing and all their wants were provided for by the people connected with the estate.

The accountant did not know how large the estate was in its earlier days, but it contained many thousand acres and was founded by David Berry, an unmarried man who lived to be more than ninety years old, and to whose memory there is a monument in the village of Berry. Mr. Robertson, the accountant, was an Englishman. I told him that he would make a first class Yankee, which amused him very much. He was very

genial and offered us refreshments, which we declined with thanks. Our horse was hitched to the trap and we were soon on our way back to Berry. On our way back we visited the government breeding farm, called the New South Wales Stud Farm. It is situated about two miles from Berry. The farm contains about three hundred acres of land and is a part of the Hay estate mentioned above. The government has had it rented for the past ten years but has now made arrangements to buy it. The farm is devoted almost exclusively to the purpose of improving the cattle of New South Wales. The government will not sell its best stock at any price, but it is kept for the benefit of the farmer. The government will pay the freight and send a male thoroughbred to any reliable farmer within one hundred miles of Berry at a nominal price and he can use it and return it to the farm at Berry when through with it. They have eight different kinds of thoroughbred cattle on the farm: Shorthorns, Guernseys, Jerseys, Ayrshires, Holsteins, Red Poll, Kerries and Dexter Kerries; besides a dozen or more bulls, we saw sixty or seventy first class cows and heifers of different breeds worth from seventy-five to one hundred pounds apiece, and one very pretty cow that the Scotch Commissioners who visited the farm a short time ago, said was worth one thousand guineas, or more than five thousand dollars.

Mr. Quirk, the manager, took great pains to show us about the farm, and we saw most of the stock. Mr. Quirk is an excellent judge of cattle.

Upon our arrival at Berry we ordered a four o'clock dinner and were soon ready to return to Sydney. Between Sydney and Berry is one of the best coal fields in Australia, and much of the way the railway is lined with coke furnaces. While at Sydney we got permission to visit the Hawkesbury Agricultural College near the town of Richmond on the Hawkesbury River, about thirty-eight miles from Sydney. Attached to the college is a farm of thirty-five hundred and fifty-one acres, of which usually about one thousand acres are under crops and the remainder is used for grazing purposes.

On January 31st, the day arranged for our visit, we were met at the railway station and driven to the college, where we were soon presented to Mr. Potts, the Principal, who took us in charge. The bedrooms, study rooms and large dining room were visited. They were all plain but neat and clean. The college will accomodate two hundred and fifty pupils, but at this time only about two hundred were enrolled. The course of study is as elaborate and practical as in similar institutions anywhere; in fact, a gentleman at the agricultural department in Sydney, when we were making arrangements to visit the college,

said that it was the best in the world. I jokingly replied, "It would be hard to make a Yankee believe that." The boys must be up in the morning at five o'clock and every one must be in bed not later than ten-thirty p. m. Each student has a bedroom to himself, and Principal Potts said that the plan worked better than having two in each room. He said he had boys here from sixteen to forty years old. The management has complete control of the electric lights in each bedroom and they are all put out at ten-thirty p. m. If a boy breaks the rules and stays out late at night, he is not reprimanded but give a little harder work to do and then he is soon glad to get in early. Gambling and betting are absolutely prohibited.

We next inspected the orange, peach, apricot and plum orchards, of which there were about forty acres, including four acres of grapes.

A little after eleven-thirty a. m. we repaired to the dining room and had lunch. Mr. Potts, the Principal, sat at the head of the table and about one hundred and fifty students sat down with us. Some of the boys had not yet returned from the holiday vacation.

After lunch we visited the dairy and saw the cheese and butter making department. In the storerooms connected with those departments we saw some fine samples of butter and cheese. A cheese for local consumption weighs twenty

pounds, but those for export weigh eighty pounds each. They make an excellent grade of butter and ship some of it to London, England. They keep about one hundred first class cows to furnish milk for the dairy.

We saw their tomato culture and had some excellent ones for lunch. They have dry houses for drying peaches and other kinds of fruit. They have plots of many different kinds of grass which they are testing in order to secure the best. They are also making a thorough test of the different kinds of wheat.

The soil of the Hawkesbury College Farm is sandy and naturally not very productive. At three p. m. we had lunch and after resting awhile we were taken to Richmond in time for the train for Sydney. I think Principal Potts is an excellent manager. My brother and I were much pleased with the many courtesies shown us.

I cannot resist the temptation to say again and again that Sydney has the finest harbor I ever saw, and the tourist who visits that city and does not take at least two or three fine trips will regret missing the opportunity. When we were in Sydney in December, 1910, we took a trip across the harbor to Manly Beach, in January following we took a trip from Circular Quay through the harbor and up the Parramatta River, and on February 2d, 1911, we took what is called the Tourist's Harbor Trip, covering about sixty

miles of excellent harbor scenery. We left Circular Quay at ten in the morning and passed many interesting places, among which were Miller's Point, Darling Harbor, Lane Cove River and some nice views on the Parramatta River. We got off the boat and stopped for lunch at Correy's Gardens and then returned to the wharf from which we started. At two p. m. we went on another trip, returning to Lane Cove River. We passed Greenwich, Gore Bay, Farm Cove, the Botanical Gardens, then crossing near The Heads just inside the harbor, then to North Harbor and to Middle Harbor, and then returned to Circular Quay, arriving there at five p. m. It was an excellent outing, all for two shillings, about fifty cents.

On Friday, February 3d, we went on a fine motor car trip planned by Mr. Jones, Private Secretary to Attorney General Holman. Mr. Holman intended to go with us on the trip but just before we started some unexpected public business prevented his going, so the party was composed of Mr. Jones, Mr. Garlick, an officer connected with the public works of Sydney, my brother and myself, and the driver.

We went to Parramatta, which is about fourteen miles from Sydney on the Parramatta River, and saw the oldest church in Australia. We crossed an old stone bridge at this place which was built by the convicts when this was a penal

settlement. We saw some very old houses as this is the oldest settlement in the Commonwealth. We saw a monument erected to the memory of the soldiers who fell in the recent war with South Africa. We also saw a monument erected to the memory of the Governor's wife who was killed in a runaway accident many years ago when the Governor made his home in Parramatta; since then the Governor's house has been at Sydney. The trip from Sydney to Parramatta was very interesting. From Parramatta we went to Hornsby and had a lunch and then returned on the opposite side of the Parramatta River to the ferry for teams and motor cars. The motor car was taken across the ferry to Circular Quay and after we crossed the ferry we were taken to the post office in Sydney, arriving there about six p. m.

On the trip we passed through an excellent fruit country which produces oranges, lemons, passion fruit, peaches, plums and grapes. We stopped at several of the fruit farms on the trip. One fruit grower told us that citron fruits were the most profitable.

Monday, February 6th, we left Sydney for Katoomba in the Blue Mountains. It is a town of about three thousand inhabitants, but often there are six or seven thousand tourists in the town at one time. The place is full of boarding houses. Upon our arrival at Katoomba we called

at a boarding house known as the Hill Side, but it was crowded. After calling at two or three other places without success we finally secured rooms at a boarding house called Temora. It rained very hard the next morning after we arrived at Katoomba and we did not start for the Falls until nearly noon. The Falls are very pretty, especially the one called the Bridal Veil. In flowing over the rocks, the water spreads out in a wide thin sheet, which gives it the appearance of a veil. There are many pretty places in the valley and among the mountains. It is said that these are called the Blue Mountains because of the pretty blue tint upon them on a clear day. The Three Sister Rocks and Orphan Rock were pretty. Some bushes with red tops are called Christmas Trees. The weather at Katoomba had been very bad for four or five weeks before our arrival and continued wet all the time my brother and I were there, and this had a tendency to somewhat mar the visit.

On February 9th we visited the Agricultural Experiment Farm at Wagga Wagga. It is one of the best farms for experimental purposes in New South Wales, if not in all Australia. We got a permit from the Under Minister of Agriculture to visit this farm. The manager of the farm was notified of our coming and we were met at the railway station and driven to the farm, about four miles away. The farm contains more than

three thousand acres. Among other things it is devoted to grain raising, sheep breeding, dairying and fruit growing. They have nine distinct breeds of sheep on the farm, and they are proud of the results obtained by careful breeding. They also practice cross-breeding for certain purposes.

The dairy department was quite interesting and the students are taught cheese making as well as butter making. Each one brands his own article so that there is no question as to who is responsible for the different results.

The manager was very busy with the morning mail upon its arrival, so he asked us to excuse him and then arranged a visit for us over the farm with the foreman. It was an amusing as well as an interesting trip.

My brother and I went in a gig and the foreman rode on ahead on horseback. I was the driver of the gig. The foreman's horse went on a canter most of the time and we would follow. In this manner we visited the different paddocks. We did this from paddock to paddock until noon. On our return tour of inspection we saw a threshing machine at work on the farm. I suggested that we would like to stop and see it. The foreman said "All right," and he cared for our horse while we inspected the threshing.

They were threshing wheat with a small machine with a straw carrier instead of a "blower",

and the whole outfit was run by an eight horse power steam engine. Six men were on the stack taking care of the straw. I climbed on the wheat stack and could scarcely resist the temptation to take a hand in the work. The wheat was nice and plump but came from the machine very dirty. I was told that it all had to be recleaned.

We drove seven or eight miles on our tour of inspection and saw eight or nine herds of excellent sheep, some cattle and a few horses, and returned to the house in time for lunch.

The manager led the way to the dining room where we enjoyed the plain but wholesome food placed before us. We finished our lunch by partaking of some excellent watermelon that was raised on the farm.

After lunch the manager took us in hand and we visited the hog yards and the poultry and horse departments. They prefer the Suffox breed of horses to work on the farm. After looking over the stables we visited the cheese and butter making departments and then the dry houses where apricots, peaches and prunes are prepared for market. I presume that it is unnecessary for me to say that we sampled some of these products.

We next went out to inspect about ninety-five acres of orchards and vineyards. It was a pleasant task. Plums of all kinds were around about

us and we were not only asked to partake of the luscious fruit but we were urged to do so.

The date plum particularly suited my palate. The grapes were next inspected, and you would be surprised to see the immense bunches on many of the vines.

The manager was not only so persistent that we should help ourselves to the excellent fruit, but he was so determined to help us that if it had not been for our kind but determined "No, thank you" the result might have been disastrous.

The orchards contained apricots, peaches, cherries, olives — large quantities of them for olive oil — almonds and many other varieties of fruit. Comparisons are odious, so they say, but this is certainly one of the finest fruit farms in the world.

It soon became time to leave, and after a very enjoyable day we were driven to Wagga in time for the train to Sydney, but as we were tired we stopped at Harden for the night and took the early morning train for Sydney, arriving there about one p. m., February 10th.

At the experiment farm at Wagga a specialty is also made of growing wheat for seed, and of breeding swine and dairy stock. About one-third of this farm is under crops. Some of the experiment plots have yielded forty bushels of wheat per acre, but the field yield on the farm has never

exceeded twenty-seven bushels per acre. The olive oil produced on this farm brings double the price of ordinary olive oil because of its known purity. The farmers at this time of the year were rushing their wheat to market and at many of the stations between Sydney and Wagga Wagga there were great piles of wheat in rough sacks. Most of these piles had no covering whatever over them. All of the wheat is shipped in sacks and not in bulk, as most of it is in the United States. On our way to the farm we passed many large wagons loaded with wheat. These wagons were drawn by from four to eight horses or by four, five, six and even seven yoke of oxen. In fact, just before we left Wagga we saw one wagon with a ten horse team and another with nine yoke of oxen pulling it. It was an odd sight.

While in Sydney my brother and I made several calls at the department of agriculture and the officials connected with that department were pleased to give us all the information that we desired. We were furnished with many official reports and bulletins printed by the department of agriculture of New South Wales, showing what that state is doing for the farmer. The Agricultural Gazette, a neat pamphlet of nearly one hundred pages, is the best publication issued by the department. It is published monthly in shape for binding at the end of the year if so desired.

Among the many articles published in the January issue, is one entitled "Orchard Notes" by W. J. Allen, and the "World's Wool" by W. H. P. Cherry, both of which are quite interesting. It also contains some very good articles by other experts. The Gazette contains some fine illustrations, among which is a photograph of a very pretty three year old Rome Beauty apple tree with fruit fairly thick on the main limbs and very large.

The department also publishes farmers' bulletins similar to those published in the United States. Bulletin No. 1, entitled Farmers' Sheep, contains a thorough discussion of sheep and wool. It is very interesting and made the more so because it contains a dozen or more fine illustrations. No. 37, entitled Lucerne, compiled by J. E. O'Grady, Editor Agricultural Gazette of New South Wales, is an excellent pamphlet of more thon one hundred pages, and I was pleased to notice a quotation from the book of alfalfa by F. D. Coburn of Kansas, as well as some other American references. There are quotations also from some of our bulletins, to all of which due credit is given.

The Government Tourist Bureau of Sydney was another department of the state government that it was a pleasure to do business with. In fact, the officers were always ready to furnish information whether we purchased tickets or

not. The Bureau has fine offices in Challis House just opposite the general post office.

Sydney is a hustling city, notwithstanding its narrow and crooked streets. It has an immense trade, both domestic and foreign. It is a sport-loving city and the best plays are well supported by its citizens. In February, 1911, "Our Miss Gibbs," "The Whip," and "The Girl from Rector's" were the leading plays. The first mentioned play had entered on its twenty-first week before we left the city. Sydney has some first class church buildings, as well as playhouses, and there is a good opportunity for its citizens as well as for the tourist to hear some first class sermons. While in Sydney I always attended church on Sunday forenoon and on Sunday afternoon I would take a stroll through the Domain, a park of about one hundred acres right in the center of the city. Sydney has thousands of acres in parks, but the Domain is the most popular of all the pleasure grounds. It is generally full of people on Sunday, when anyone who wishes can speak on any subject if he can get people to listen to him. During my visits to the Domain I listened for a short time to more than twenty different speeches. Among the number were only two women, one the wife of a colored doctor, who was helping him to advertise his business, and the other one was a Socialist. She said she had been a working woman — a domestic servant. She

had been deceived many times by reading advertisements of places to work and the advertisements were not true. She said what was needed the world over was "Socialization and not Nationalization."

Some of the speakers were quite intelligent and very interesting. Some of them discussed Socialism, some talked religion; one speaker was an anti-evolutionist, one tried to prove that Christ was Esau, another would prove that Christ was not God, another was discussing some new theories of religion, a sect known as Christadelphians. Some of the speakers were very bitter against the government. There was a Salvation Army meeting under a fig tree, and in another part of the Domain was an interesting Methodist meeting with a band of fifteen pieces. The singing and music were very good. One speaker attempted to prove that the millennium would take place soon in Australia. The speaking in the Domain on a Sunday afternoon is going on in many different places at the same time, and it was a surprise to me that these meetings were so quiet and that as a rule they created no disturbance whatever.

Sydney has a very large town hall in which the city officials have their offices. It is so large that much of the space is rented to different persons for stores and shops. It also contains a large audience room in which is one of the larg-

est organs in the world. It is said that the organ contains nine thousand pipes, some of which are thirty or forty feet in length and others very short and fine. My brother and I attended an organ recital by the city organist on February 4th, consisting of eight or ten parts. The music was excellent as the city organist, Mr. Earnest Truman, was a noted musical expert. The city keeps an organist to play for the people and every week one can attend a free concert, but on some occasions there is a slight charge.

CHAPTER VI

MELBOURNE AND VICTORIA

ON February 15th we left Sydney for Melbourne on the evening express. The train was crowded, but as we got on the cars nearly an hour before time to leave we had choice of compartments and seats. The night was long and rather tiresome, but everything passed off pleasantly. An Indian from the interior of India was a fellow passenger and sat next to me all night. He was very intelligent, and I had a long talk with him in regard to the missionaries in India. He said that the converts to Christianity in India were among the ignorant classes.

We stopped for breakfast at Albury on the state line between New South Wales and Victoria and changed cars there and continued on our journey to Melbourne, where we arrived about one p. m. and stopped at the Federal Palace Hotel. On our way to Melbourne we saw great piles of wheat in the fields in sacks just as it was harvested several weeks before.

On February 19th we bought return tickets by way of Bayswater, Fern Tree Gully, Bell-

grave, Paradise Valley, Emerald, Cockatoo to Gembrook and return. The scenery was very pretty after we passed Fern Tree Gully all the way to Gembrook. There was a very nice nursery at Emerald. We changed cars at Upper Fern Tree Gully and rode upon a two-foot six-inch track to Gembrook, eighteen miles away. Some of the excursionists stopped at the most interesting stations along the way. Upon our arrival at Gembrook my brother and I crossed a field and took a stroll along the gully in the woods for nearly a mile. In this gully were the finest kind of tree ferns. They were from a few feet to eighteen or twenty feet high and from six inches to twelve inches in diameter. They had bushy tops with the finest kind of leaves. Some of these fern leaves were five or six feet long and three or four feet broad and were made up of hundreds of tiny leaves.

The woods were quite dense and there were many large eucalyptus trees on the banks of the gully. Many of these trees were at least four or five feet in diameter. We measured one that was a little more than seven feet in diameter. Some of them that were not more than one foot in diameter were tall and straight and it must have been seventy-five or eighty feet up to the first limb. There were some nice farms upon the hill.

When we returned to Gembrook, which is a very small village, we saw a fine field of potatoes

just in bloom. Wishing to get some reliable information, I asked a man if he lived here. He said, "Yes, I am one of the big men of the town." I said, "Let us shake hands. I like a square out and out man even in a joke." I soon learned that his name was George Smith and that he was the proprietor of a small store at this place. He had some potatoes which he had just dug and wanted us to look at them. One sack of Peach Bloom were very nice, but the Carmen were not so good. He had four thousand acres of eucalyptus undergrowth, some of which he cuts over and strips the leaves off and makes oil out of them and ships it to London. The oil is used for medicinal purposes.

After a fine day's outing, we returned to Melbourne in the evening. Soon after our arrival in Melbourne from Sydney, I called on Attorney General Brown, whom my brother and I had met on our trip to New Zealand. He gave me a copy of the Victorian Year Book for the year 1909-10 and requested his secretary to show me the Supreme Court Room, which was not far from his office, and invited me to attend court there on February 20th, when the boundary dispute between South Australia and Victoria would be on trial. On that morning I went to the court room early so as to become somewhat familiar with the surroundings before the lawyers and judges arrived. The full court is composed of five

members, all of whom were present when court opened. The judges and all the lawyers connected with the case wore wigs and gowns. I remained in court all forenoon and was pleased to hear one of the judges refer to the constitution of the United States. We all arose when the judges took their places on the bench but there was no formality either when the session was called to order or when it was dismissed.

Having purchased tickets and secured several letters of introduction at the government tourist office on Collins Street, we left Melbourne February 24th for a round trip to Geelong, Ballarat, Bendigo, Harcourt, Castlemaine, and back to Melbourne. We arrived at Geelong about one p. m. It is a seaport city containing about thirty thousand inhabitants. After dinner we took a long ride through the finest part of the city upon one of the omnibuses and passed Geelong College, a fine Episcopal Church and the Girls' High School. We also saw some very fine residences. We took a trip to Kardinia Park and saw a few animals. It was amusing to see the kangaroos jumping about on their hind feet. Geelong is a prosperous city in the state of Victoria. They were just beginning to put down their first tram car lines and expected to have them ready for use in a few months. We saw a young man hauling oaten chaff into the city. He said that he was getting two pounds per ton for it. The next

morning before we left the city, we went down to the wharf and saw them loading a large freight boat for Sydney and Newcastle with chaff, oaten hay, potatoes and onions. The great bulk of the freight was chaff in sacks. I was struck with the fact that there were so many names similar to those in the United States, such as Carr, Brown, Young, Nash, Wells, etc.

On the 25th, soon after leaving Geelong we saw a chaff cutting machine cutting oat sheaves into chaff. The grain for chaff is cut about one month before it is dead ripe, and when saved in first class condition it makes excellent feed.

We arrived at Ballarat a little before noon and put up at the Provincial Hotel. After dinner we called on Colonel Williams, the city clerk, and presented our letter of introduction. He told us of the places of interest that it would be well to visit, and then he requested an attendant to show us the way up into the tower of the city Hall, from which we got a splendid view of the city. Ballarat is known all over Australia as the "City of Statues," the "Golden City," "Beautiful Ballarat," and "Ballarat Beautiful." All of these designations fit the city well, but I think that Ballarat Beautiful is the most popular. The city has many nice streets, some of which are very interesting. Sturt Street is its main thoroughfare, said to be the "most magnificent in the southern hemisphere." It is one hundred and

ninety-eight feet wide. This street has beautiful flower gardens along its center for more than a mile, with a roadway on each side. In this street is a fine statue of Queen Victoria, one of Burns with his faithful dog at his feet, one of Thomas Moore, the Irish poet, a very fine one of the Biblical character Ruth, and a large bronze one of Peter Laylor, leader of the Insurgents at Eureka Stockade. Several other pieces of fine statuary are in this street. Mention, however, must be made of a fine monument dedicated "In honor of Australian soldiers who fought in South Africa in 1902." It represents a soldier on horseback assisting a wounded comrade to mount, so that he might make his escape from the enemy. It typifies devotion and courage on the battlefield. In our short stay at Ballarat, I enjoyed visiting this street again and again.

About two miles east of the post office is the monument that marks the site of the Eureka Stockade where the gold diggers' insurrection took place on Sunday morning, December 3, 1854. This outbreak was caused by the heavy tax or license levied on the miners, and as the police could not quell the disturbance they were assisted by the soldiers. When the soldiers appeared the insurrection was soon quelled. Four or five soldiers were killed and about forty or fifty of the gold diggers lost their lives. Their leader, Peter Laylor, was wounded but he made his escape. A

reward of two hundred pounds was offered for him, dead or alive, but he was protected by his friends and the reward was finally withdrawn. His wound resulted in the loss of his left arm. After this insurrection the tax was reduced and quiet was restored. Strange to say, this leader of the insurrectionists later was made a member of the Victorian Parliament and finally became Speaker of the Legislative Assembly of Victoria.

Old Curiosity Shop is a place well worth seeing. It used to be the home of an old bricklayer and he spent his leisure time after a hard day's work in making things of beauty out of the unsightly rubbish round about, such as old teapot spouts, broken dishes, pieces of glass and other unsightly things. These things were arranged in artistic shapes on the fence, at the end of the cottage, around the flower beds, and even in some places inside the cottage. The place was very pretty.

We went from Old Curiosity Shop to Golden Point, where a monument about twelve feet high marks the place where gold was first discovered at Ballarat, and on this monument are the words, "Gold discovered 1851." The monument stands at the side of the street and there is nothing unusual about the place. A tram car line runs past the monument.

The agricultural high school at this place is quite interesting. The boys are taught to use

tools and the girls are instructed in cookery. We were shown through the workshops and inside the rooms where cooking was done. We visited a half dozen or more class rooms and then the manager showed us over the farm, which contains about eighty acres. It is a very poor farm, and of not much value for farming. The ground is not porous and it soon packs down very hard after it is plowed. They are thoroughly tile draining some of it and will add humus and lime in order to learn whether it can be made productive at a profit.

We visited the School of Mines and Mining. About five hundred pupils are enrolled. It is considered one of the best schools of mines in the world.

Lake Wendouree is one of the chief attractions of Ballarat. It is an artificial body of water a little more than three miles in circumference, and is considered one of the finest fishing resorts in the State of Victoria. All around this lake is a beautiful walk culminating in the lawns and pleasure grounds of the Botanical Gardens. The trees, willows and bushes along its margin are pleasing to the eye. The black swans and other water fowls gliding over the lake add beauty to the scene.

We attended the Regatta here on February 25th. There were at least nine boats in the eight-oar race. Some of these boats were sixty-five

feet long. There were many other races with smaller boats. There were running races and other sports. I never saw a more decorous holiday crowd in my life. People from different parts of Australia attended this Regatta, and after the races many of the boats were sent away on the cars. We enjoyed a steamboat ride on this beautiful little lake.

The city of Ballarat is justly proud of its Botanical Gardens as they are considered "the finest gardens in Australia," "a paradise of beauty,"— and several other phrases are used by tourists to express their appreciation. The Gardens are planted with fine specimens of the choicest ornamental trees, and a large fernery running the full width of the Gardens is filled with choice ferns, creepers, flowers and plants from many climes. The Statuary Pavilion containing "The Flight from Pompeii" and other notable marble carvings, is situated in the Gardens near the fernery. The "Flight from Pompeii" is a group representing a husband, his wife and infant child. The husband is trying to save his wife and child from the fiery eruptions of Mount Vesuvius. It was sculptured by Prospero Benzoni of Rome and is considered the finest piece of statuary in the southern hemisphere.

Twelve marble statues presented to the city by one of its public spirited citizens are erected in different parts of the Gardens. In addition to

these, the Gardens contain some other fine pieces of statuary.

There are many other places of interest in Ballarat, but we must hasten on to Bendigo, which is the home of Senator J. H. McCall.

Soon after our arrival at Bendigo we went to the town hall and presented our letter of introduction to the town clerk. He took us in charge and we visited the Fernery, Fine Arts Gallery and High School Building, after which he secured a permit for us to visit the Central Red, White and Blue Mine between eight and ten-thirty a. m. on March 1st, after which we met Senator J. H. McCall, a member of the Australian Parliament. Our visit with Senator McCall was very pleasant. He said that he had made two visits to the United States and was a member of the Dry Farming Congress that met at Cheyenne, Wyoming, in February, 1909. At the request of the president of the Dry Congress, Senator McCall presided nearly the entire time of the meeting. He made a report of its proceedings to the Parliament of the Commonwealth of Australia. Several months after we returned home Senator McCall sent us a copy of that report. It is well worth reading. I think it will have a tendency to still increase the good feeling that exists between the two countries. Senator McCall, who is interested in mines, gave each of us a fine specimen of ore containing gold.

On March 1st we went to visit the Central Red, White and Blue gold mine but had to wait about one-half hour as the foreman was down with another party. When they came up we presented our permit to visit the mine to the foreman, who requested us to leave our coats and hats in the office. We pulled on overalls, put on overshirts and caps and with the foreman descended the lift together. Then the foreman requested a miner to show us around. Each one of us carried a candle. We went through one passage more than one hundred and fifty feet long, then a short one, then up a little over rubbish where the passages were filled up and they were working above. We saw some miners at work chiseling the quartz, some were working an air pressure drill, and all seemed busy. By holding our candles near to the quartz, we could see small specks of gold in many places. The mine is more than three hundred feet deep and very productive. After leaving the mine we visited a small lake and then came back to the City Hall.

There is a statue of Queen Victoria in Bendigo upon the base of which is this inscription:

"VICTORIA
QUEEN OF EARTHLY QUEENS
1837 to 1901
Erected by the Citizens
of Bendigo"

We went from Bendigo to Harcourt, a very small village, in order to visit some fruit orchards in that vicinity. We stopped at McLean's Temperance Hotel, about a mile from the village, and walked about half a mile to J. B. Warren's Fruit Farm. We had a letter of introduction to Mr. Warren, who was secretary of the fruit growers' association.

When we arrived Mr. Warren, his wife and family, were wrapping apples in tissue paper and packing them in bushel boxes in order to ship them to Germany. He was very busy as he said the apples must be delivered at the railway station tomorrow, March 2d, in order to be ready for the boat. Mr. Warren showed us all through his orchard of apple, pear and plum trees. He plants his apple trees about twenty feet apart, which would make about one hundred trees to the acre. He thought he would have at least a total of seven thousand bushels, mostly apples. Mr. Warren showed us four small trees not more than six inches in diameter, from which he picked this year (1911) eighty boxes of apples of one bushel each. These trees begin to branch, to form a top, only about sixteen or eighteen inches above the ground. In fact, the trees are very low so that more than one-half of the apples could be gathered by the pickers standing on the ground.

We saw one small tree four or five inches in

diameter loaded with apples. Mr. Warren thought there would be at least seven or eight bushels of them, and a picker standing on the ground could reach every apple. I know it as a fact because I stepped to the tree and reached the highest one. All of the trees were very full and many were propped to prevent their breaking. His chief varieties were Monroe Favorite, Shepherd's Perfection, Cleopatra, New York Pippin, Stone Pippin, Dumelow Seedling, Maiden Blush, and Rhode Island Greening.

Last night in a tree near the hotel we heard some Laughing Jackasses chuckle or laugh, and this morning we heard them again. The Laughing Jackass, the Magpie and the Willie Wagtail are the best loved native birds in Australia.

Soon after breakfast we visited John Douglass's Fruit Farm and Gardens. When we arrived he and his son were packing apples for export. His fruit gardens occupy a little more than twenty-five acres and are the largest in the neighborhood. He does not want more than eight or ten different varieties of apples. He has the Stone Pippin, New York Pippin, London Pippin, Rome Beauty, the Jonathan, the Rimer and a few other kinds. Mr. Dauglass is absolutely in love with his gardens. The Scotch Commissioners who were touring Australia studying its agriculture, visited him a short time ago and that pleased him very much. He irrigates his gardens

although at times this year there has been too much rain. The Stone Pippin is his best money maker. A three year old Rome Beauty graft was loaded with apples. A Rimer three inches in diameter and only five feet high had at least four bushels of apples on it. One of his gardens is twenty-six years old and the trees are five or six inches in diameter and only ten or twelve feet high. He likes to have the branches low so that the sun will not scald the trunk of the tree and so that the wind will not uproot them so easily. He ships his New York Pippins to England. The city of Melbourne like a large showy apple, but for export a medium sized apple sells best. The champion tree in the gardens is a Stone Pippin that begins to branch only eighteen inches from the ground. It has produced forty bushels of apples in one season. Two years ago Mr. Douglass got twenty-two bushels of apples off of a London Pippin which was only twelve feet high. ,

A few years ago twenty-five acres of small trees produced twenty-three hundred and eleven pounds worth of fruit. Nearly all of Mr. Douglass's fruits are apples. He has very few peaches, cherries, plums and pears.

Mr. Douglass is a fine old Scotchman. He left Scotland when only nineteen years old. He had been on this place fifty-three years. He used to

run a dairy of from fifty to sixty cows, and the manure from the dairy helped make his orchards profitable. He has not used commercial fertilizer. He quit the dairy business twenty or twenty-five years ago because it was too exacting on him as he was getting old. He used to like the dairy but now he is pleased with his orchards.

On the afternoon of March 2d I visited the Harcourt School. I arrived there just before the session opened and remained until about the middle of the afternoon. Seventy-two pupils were present in one room. The teacher, John Stewart, was assisted temporarily by an oldish lady as the regular assistant was sick. At the opening of the afternoon session the class in literature read Longfellow's "Psalm of Life," after which they were examined in regard to it and passed the examination quite creditably. It was very interesting to me, and the more so as that poem of Longfellow's is a favorite one of mine. The geography and arithmetic classes performed their work very well. The teacher, however, had to work under a great disadvantage. Just think of it! Seventy-two pupils in one room. I think the teacher said that there were eighty-two enrolled. They expect to build a new up-to-date schoolhouse in a few years. After recess the teacher requested me to address the school, which I did for a few minutes. They were very quiet during

the talk, and when I finished the pupils cheered so enthusiastically that I thought that that was the Australian way of doing things.

My brother remained at the hotel when I visited the school and upon my return we walked to the station and left for Castlemaine, which is a town of nearly nine thousand inhabitants and only five miles away. We stopped at the Cumberland Hotel and got number 13 for the night. I mention the number of this room because I have met people while traveling that would not sleep in No. 13. I have slept in No. 13 several times and nothing disastrous ever happened to me; in fact, I have no objections to the number if the room is all right.

After supper we called on Dr. Thompson and presented our letter of introduction. He said he would make arrangements for some one to meet us at the hotel in the morning. The next morning an automobile called for us and we made a tour of the surrounding country for the purpose of visiting the gold fields where dredge mining and hydraulic sluicing were carried on. We saw some very large dredges at work. It was said that one dredge with very large buckets could shift one hundred and twenty cubic yards of dirt per hour. Several hydraulic sluicing machines were in operation.

The surface ground supposed to contain gold is dug up, soaked with water and put through one

of these machines. The dirt and water is expelled with much force through a long pipe and the gold is collected at a certain place in the machine. Some of the ground which was dug over years ago is put through these machines and gold in paying quantities is obtained. We saw several persons digging the ground with common shovels and washing it to find gold.

After inspecting the gold fields we visited Mr. Winkelman's orchards, which consist of sixty acres. He had exported two thousand bushels of apples to Germany and England this year (1911), and expects to have eight or ten thousand more bushels for export, most of which will go to England. He considers four shillings net per box an excellent price, and three shillings six pence a fair price. Mr. Winkelman raises a great many plums and cherries. In 1910 he sold one hundred and twenty-eight tons of plums, but in 1911 he sold only sixty tons. He ships some of his cherries to New Zealand.

After visiting several other fruit farms we returned to the hotel where we were entertained at lunch by Dr. Thompson and the Mayor. We visited the town hall, which is a fine building and contains an excellent auditorium in which all meetings of a public nature are held. We then visited the foundry and machine shops at Castlemaine. They are the most extensive of any in

the State of Victoria outside of Melbourne. They employ about three hundred and fifty men. A fine park of three hundred acres is owned by the public corporation. After a most enjoyable trip of three hundred miles we returned to Melbourne on March 3d.

On Monday morning, March 6th, we called at the general office of McKay's Harvester Works at Sunshine, eight or ten miles from Melbourne. After presenting our letter of introduction, prepared for us by the Government Tourist Bureau at Melbourne, we were furnished with an excellent guide who showed us through every department of the immense factory. Only a very few of the men were at work out of seventeen hundred, because of the immense strike that was on at this time. The strike began on January 16th and was ordered because ten or twelve workmen would not join the union. Mr. McKay would neither dismiss these men nor compel them to join the union, and the laborers absolutely refused to work with non-union men. In passing through the works everything was so quiet that it seemed as if we were attending a funeral. Ever since the strike began the works have been picketed by the police. The shops were comfortable and airy and it seemed a shame that the men were not at work.

They manufacture grain drills, discs, chaff cutters and other kinds of farm implements, but

the factory has become noted because the Sunshine Harvester is made here. This machine is known as the stripper harvester and it is very popular because of its labor-saving qualities. But before describing it more at length, it might be well to state that there are three methods of harvesting wheat for the grain in use in Australia. First: Harvesting wheat with a reaper and binder is considered the best method, but by that method it requires much extra labor and expense before the grain can be made ready for the market and sometimes it is almost impossible to get the necessary labor at the proper time. Second: The stripper is sometimes used. It is said to be an Australian invention. This machine is drawn through the ripe standing crop by three or four horses walking alongside of the standing grain. By means of a comb the heads of the wheat are gathered and directed to the cutting place where they are cut from the straw. The beater drum in the machine threshes the grain out and at the same time the grain and chaff are deposited in a box that will hold about eight bushels of grain and its chaff. When this box is full the machine is taken to some convenient place in the field and emptied. This mixture of grain and chaff is then put through a winnower, which cleans the wheat and bags it ready for market. In case of fair crops, one winnower, with four men to work it and sew the bags, will keep two strippers going.

Third: The Sunshine Harvester is what might be called a "stripper harvester." It is an Australian invention; in fact, I think Mr. McKay invented it. Built into the machine as a part of it is a winnowing attachment on which the threshed but uncleaned grain is delivered as the machine is drawn through the crop. This harvester not only cuts and threshes the grain as in the case of the stripper, but it also cleans it ready for market and delivers it in bags at the side of the machine. The cost of harvesting and threshing is much reduced by this method and much outside labor can be dispensed with. The stripper harvester is a very compact machine, and although introduced only a few years ago it has rapidly grown into favor. The comb-gathering device in these machines is from five to six feet wide. Four horses will handle one of these machines with ease. The harvester is worked by two men, one of whom drives the horses and attends to the machine, the other adjusts and removes the bags and sews them up.

CHAPTER VII

MELBOURNE, ADELAIDE AND SOUTH AUSTRALIA

THERE is a very fine cemetery at Melbourne in which are the graves of some of her most noted citizens, and it also contains some very fine monuments, but the most noted resting place in the cemetery is that of Mrs. Springthorp, wife of Dr. Springthorp. A very fine marble figure represents the deceased. An angel stands ready with a crown to place on the head of the deceased person at the resurrection, and at the opposite side of the figure is an angel kneeling. In front of these figures on the floor of the tomb are these words: "Born 26th of January, 1867, married 26th of January, 1887, and buried 26th of January, 1897."

There were four burials in the cemetery the day we visited it. We (my brother, our old friend Henry Spencer of England and myself) attended services at one of the graves.

There are more than five thousand acres in reservations and parks in the city of Melbourne and its suburbs. They furnish the inhabitants with plenty of opportunity for outdoor recreation, which the Australians so much enjoy. There is

a bathing place at St. Kilda Beach. While it is not so pleasant as the beach at Manly or at Coogee near Sydney, yet it can be made a first class bathing resort.

The Botanical Gardens are well worth visiting because of the many varieties of plants, flowers and shrubs that they contain. The government report for the year 1910 states that more than fourteen thousand species of plants are growing in the gardens at present. Twenty-five years ago they contained only twenty-five hundred species. The pleasing features of the gardens are their extensive undulating lawns and broad paths with varied groupings and marginal beds of ornamental trees, flowering shrubs and useful plants.

The Zoological Gardens are situated in the center of Royal Park in the northern part of the city about two miles from the post office. They contain many different species of birds and animals. Many of the birds are very pretty, but in my opinion the flamingo is one of the oddest; and among the many wild animals, or tame ones either, I think the kangaroo is the queerest, especially when it jumps about.

As a matter of course, the tourist should not fail to visit the Federal Parliament Building containing the house of representatives and the senate chamber, as well as some of the other public buildings. But of all the public places in and

about Melbourne that it was my good fortune to visit, I enjoyed the public library and museum connected with it the most. The approach to the public library building is so clean and enticing and the rooms are so cheerful and inspiring, that the visitor is in no hurry to leave the place. When I visited the library, I was always pleased to see a copy of Webster's New International Dictionary lying on the table. At the end of the year 1909 the reference library contained about two hundred thousand volumes. It is an excellent library and well managed. No wonder the people of Melbourne are proud of it and believe it to be the best library in the southern hemisphere.

While in Australia I had a desire to meet Miss Vida Goldstine, the leader of the woman suffragists, but I learned that she had sailed for Europe before we arrived at Melbourne. While at Melbourne, however, I received an invitation to call at White Hall Flats Bank Place, where her mother resided. I called on Mrs. Goldstine on February 22d and met H. H. Champion, her son-in-law. Mr. Champion was the leader of the London dock strike that took place in London, England, during the summer of 1889. He is an enthusiastic socialist and was the only gentleman by birth in that strike. His parents were well-to-do and he was an officer in the British army, but he resigned his position in order to promulgate social-

ism. During the strike he was arrested, thrown into prison and kept there several days, but when brought up for trial he argued his own case before the court without the assistance of an attorney, won it and was set free.

The weather seems to be ideal in Australia this season. It is said that the hot winds in Melbourne during the summer are very unpleasant and that the thermometer often runs up as high as from one hundred and fifteen to one hundred and twenty degrees in the shade. During the time we were there it did not get above ninety-five or ninety-six degrees.

When we arose in the morning on March 7th, I noticed that there had been quite a rain during the night and learned that it had been the biggest rain that they had for many years and that the thunder and lightning were terrible. I slept so well that I did not hear it. It rained a little all morning and about noon the rain just poured down, but without any wind. The newspapers reported that it rained nearly three inches altogether and that in twenty minutes just after noon about an inch of water fell.

On the afternoon of March 7th we left Melbourne for Adelaide. We went by way of Sunshine, Deer Park, Ballarat, Murray Bridge and Mount Lofty, arrived there the next day at ten-thirty a. m., about one-half hour late, and stopped at the Grand Coffee Palace on Hindley Street.

We passed through some desert country on the trip to Adelaide. We saw many rabbits in the woods and fields on the way down.

Adelaide is the capital of South Australia. It is a clean, pretty city with a population of perhaps two hundred thousand. While a German writer of some note calls it a dirty city, my impression is that it is one of the cleanest cities that I ever saw, and that was the impression of most people that I met. The residences are usually only one story high, and this is the case in most, if not all, other Australian cities. In the country you will seldom see a residence with more than one story. They look quaint but I rather like them. Many of the business houses even on the main streets of the different cities are only one or two stories high. You will seldom see a building more than three or four stories high. A few of the buildings are higher, but they are the exception.

Soon after our arrival at Adelaide, Dr. Burden called us up by telephone and asked us to take tea with him and his family the next day. Dr. Burden, his wife and their son and daughter, were fellow passengers on the steamer Zealandia which left Vancouver, British Columbia, in December, 1910, and which arrived in Sydney on December 26th. He is a doctor as well as a minister, and had settled at Henley Beach, a village near Adelaide, where he had begun the practice

of medicine. His brother was one of the leading chemists of Adelaide. At the appointed time we went to Henley Beach, which is a pretty place, and soon found Dr. Burden's residence. Dr. Burden was married in China while he was a missionary there. He showed us the Chinese wedding garments in which he and his wife were married. He had in his possession a silver finger-shield which must have been nearly four inches long, and he said that he had seen finger nails longer than the shield. He showed us a Chinese shoe that was just four and one-half inches long, and he saw smaller ones that had been worn by young ladies. The feet of the babies or children four or five years old are larger than those of some grown people. They begin to bind the feet at four or five years of age. He showed us Chinese caps for children and sacks for himself and wife. The hand embroidery was very pretty and the material was of the finest silk. After a very pleasant afternoon with Dr. Burden and his family, we returned to Adelaide.

On Friday afternoon, March 10th, we took a fine fifty mile automobile trip arranged by the department of agriculture. We went into the fruit and market garden region. We stopped at several places where they were gathering fruit, and at one place where they were digging pota-

toes. They were getting twelve shillings per hundred weight, one hundred and twelve pounds, and told us that the potatoes would yield from ten to fourteen tons of twenty-two hundred and forty pounds each, per acre. The potatoes were of the Up-to-Date variety, a very expressive name, indeed. We had a fine trip, passed several interesting places and rode along the main road from Adelaide to Melbourne for some distance. On our way back to the city, we passed forty or fifty teams returning from market at Adelaide. When we arrived in the city we went into the north part and saw some very fine residences. While at Adelaide, we made a trip to Mount Lofty, which is about twenty miles away, arriving there on Saturday afternoon, March 11th.

Everything around about it is "Mount Lofty" —the station, the village and the mountain. The flower gardens at the station in the village and at the fine residences along the highway that leads to the summit, are all very pretty. In fact, the entire place is noted because of its fine gardens and quiet surroundings, so much so, that it has become a popular summer resort. We arose early on Sunday morning, started on foot for the summit and arrived there about eight o'clock. The view was not good as the morning was cloudy and hazy. When the weather is clear the view is considered one of the finest in Australia. There is

a column or tower at the summit with the following inscription on a copper plate that is imbedded in it near the base:

"Flinders Column
In Honor of Mathew Flinders,
Commander of the Investigator,
Who from Kangaroo Head,
Kangaroo Island,
Discovered and Named
Mount Lofty
On Tuesday, 23d March,
1802
This Tablet was Unveiled and the Column named
by His Excellency, Lord Tennyson,
22d March, 1902."

The highway at some places up near the summit was lined with blackberry bushes full of nice, large, ripe berries, which we enjoyed very much. We returned to the hotel about one p. m. Soon after dinner Dr. Kennedy invited us to go with him on a drive to see some of his patients, after which he took us around about the hills for seven or eight miles. The people among the hills follow market gardening. On our return to the village, Dr. Kennedy took us to the railway station and we were soon on our way to Adelaide.

On March 14th we visited the Roseworthy Agricultural College, situated about four and one-half miles from the village of Roseworthy and thirty-five miles from Adelaide. We were

met at the railway station by one of the teams from the farm. The College has about fifty students, and as this was their final examination day the Principal was very busy, but he sent an excellent guide with us to show us through the college and over the farm. The farm connected with the college contained nearly eighteen hundred acres of land, of which a little more than six hundred and fifty acres are under crops. This farm is used for experimental purposes along the lines of general or mixed farming, but some special attention is paid to wheat growing and sheep raising. The average annual rainfall at this station is only a little more than seventeen inches, and occasionally it is less than fifteen inches, and yet they grow wheat without irrigation and often get from twenty to twenty-five bushels per acre, but in order to do so they summer fallow their ground and raise only one crop in two years. The farm is level and that made it look homelike. They are also experimenting along other lines in order to produce a rotation in which wheat will occur once in four years, although they would prefer to have it occur twice in five years. On account of the drought the ground must be worked down fine so that it will better retain the moisture. The experimental station uses the harvester and stripper, and by this method the straw all remains on the ground, and many farmers burn it so as to get rid of the

weed seed and other trash. The experiment farm condemns the practice of burning the straw and turns plenty of stock in the fields to tramp the straw down. They irrigate some of this farm for alfalfa and other crops. They had some very nice Berkshire hogs on the farm. They were of the opinion that they had the best Berkshires in Australia. We saw several that were imported from England. They had some very fine poultry and seemed to prefer the White Wyandottes, but said that the Plymouth Rocks are fast growing into favor and are supposed to be the best general purpose fowl.

They had sixty-five or seventy acres in grapes for wine-making. We saw them crush the grapes for that purpose. A ton, twenty-two hundred and forty pounds, of grapes will make about one hundred gallons of wine and sometimes more.

We saw a heavy disk drawn by six horses. It was used to turn over heavy stuff like sorghum or maize. The disk would run about three inches deep and do good work. They have good plows, however, and they are experimenting by plowing four, six, eight, ten and twelve inches deep. They make a great deal of wheat hay on the farm. It is an excellent feed. They also make a mixed hay of wheat, oats and vetches, which is very good. Some of this hay is cut into chaff. Their test plots on this farm contain two acres each. It is their opinion that

they can be more accurate with their tests on a large plot rather than on a small one. They had a first class small freezing machine in the dairy. We had a very instructive and pleasant day at the farm.

While at Adelaide I met Premier Verran and several other government officials. They were pleased to give us all the information we desired in regard to their country, and especially in regard to its government. We left Adelaide for Outer Harbor on Thursday, March 16th, to get on board the Steamship India that left Sydney March 8th bound for London, England, where it was expected to arrive on April 22d. My brother and I went only as far as Port Said, Egypt.

CHAPTER VIII

AUSTRALIA IN GENERAL

THERE was a Federal movement in Australia long before the establishment of the Commonwealth, but because of colonial jealousies the movement did not take practical shape for many years. After many conventions and conferences had been held, at which nothing definite was accomplished, it was finally agreed at a conference held at Hobart, Tasmania, in 1895, that "the framing of a Federal constitution was an urgent duty," and not long after that conference Federal representatives were elected in five of the colonies interested for the purpose of forming a constitution. All of the colonies that took part in the recent conferences voted in favor of federation. Western Australia, the last one to do so, voted in favor of federation on July 31, 1900. On the 17th of September, 1900, Queen Victoria signed the proclamation declaring that on and after the first day of January, 1901, the people of New South Wales, Victoria, South Australia, Queensland, Tasmania and Western Australia should be united in a Federal Commonwealth under the name of the Com-

monwealth of Australia. Previous to this time the states that now constitute the Commonwealth were called colonies. They were absolutely independent of one another, and in that respect they were similar to the thirteen original colonies of the United States of America. As they were independent of one another, it resulted in each one having its own laws in regard to the tariff as well as in regard to several other subjects that could be better provided for if they were all united under one government. The governor-general, representing the Crown, is the executive head of the Commonwealth. The legislative department consists of the senate and the house of representatives. The senate shall consist of six senators from each state until otherwise ordered. They are elected for the term of six years. After the first election, it is so arranged that the terms of one-half of the senators expire every three years. The senators are elected by the people of the whole state voting for each one of them.

The number of members in the house of representatives shall be as nearly as practicable twice the number of senators, and the number of members elected in the several states shall be in proportion to the population of the state. The judicial power of the Commonwealth is vested in a Federal Supreme Court called the High Court of Australia, and such other courts as Parliament

may prescribe. The High Court of Australia shall consist of a chief justice and at least two other justices, but Parliament may increase the number. At present, that court is composed of five justices, including the chief justice.

Ever since the formation of the Commonwealth there has been an effort on the part of many of its citizens to give the Federal government more authority, but such an effort has been met by a determined opposition. Some of the states are jealous of their rights and are unwilling to give them up.

On April 26, 1911, several proposed amendments designed to give the Federal government more authority were defeated by a very large majority.

Railways. When the states composing the Commonwealth of Australia were separate colonies and each one made its own laws, including the tariff, erected its own lighthouses and built its own railways, as a matter of course they did not work in harmony. Under such conditions, when each colony was for itself, and not all for each, the railway systems of the different colonies were established. It would be uninteresting to the general reader to explain minutely how the adoption of the different gauges came about. It will be sufficient to say that New South Wales first adopted the five-foot three-inch gauge and then very soon afterward changed to the four-

foot eight and a half-inch gauge, which it has at present. Victoria and South Australia adopted the five-foot three-inch gauge. Queensland has the three-foot six-inch gauge. In Western Australia and Tasmania, the three-foot six-inch gauge was adopted. The lines that have more recently been constructed in South Australia as well as those in the Northern Territory, have adopted the three-foot six-inch gauge. Thus it will be seen that South Australia is using two gauges, the broad and the narrow.

With few exceptions, all of the railway lines in the Commonwealth are owned and managed by the respective states through whose territory they run. It is very unfortunate for interstate traffic that they are not of a uniform gauge. The distance from Sydney to Melbourne is less than six hundred miles, and yet every pound of freight must be transferred at the state line because of the different railway gauges. I found as a result of my investigations that practically every one in Australia is in favor of government ownership of the railroads, the telegraph and the telephone, but many were of the opinion that Federal ownership would be better than state ownership. The railway fares for passengers will average about the same as those in the United States, first class being higher and second class somewhat lower than in this country.

Most of the main lines have first class cars

and equipment, and while they do not attain the speed reached by some of our "lightning expresses," they make fairly good time, averaging from thirty to thirty-five miles per hour.

The styles of cars are like those used in Great Britain and on the continent of Europe. Some of the cars are divided into compartments with a door at each end of the compartment, hence every car of this style has as many outside doors on each side as there are compartments in it. The passenger generally enters or leaves the compartment by the door next the platform. These compartments have two seats as long as the whole width of the car. They will accommodate eight or ten passengers, one-half of whom will ride facing the rear. I like to ride with face to the front, but many people who have traveled a great deal prefer to face the rear as in that manner they avoid the draft when the windows (which are in the doors) are open. The better class of cars, however, have an entrance at each end, but after entering the car from the end you can pass through a corridor the entire length of the car but along one side instead of through the center. These cars are divided into compartments similar to those that have been just described. Some of these compartments are nicely furnished and are very comfortable . On those cars that have the corridor along one side of them, a passenger can visit the different com-

partments of the same class, and he can go from car to car anywhere on the train just as he can in this country. The advantage or disadvantage of traveling either by first or second class will be set forth in a subsequent chapter.

Land — The Commonwealth of Australia is about as large as the United States, excluding Alaska and its island possessions, and there are within its borders millions of acres of first class productive land. There are other millions of acres lying in the interior of the continent that perhaps can never be made productive because of the terrible droughts and lack of water for irrigation purposes. The fickle climate of Australia, together with its extreme droughts, has in a measure prevented its rapid settlement, and another thing that has retarded its growth to some extent has been its large real estate owners and its immense pastoral leases. All of the states have, however, Closer Settlement Laws at present.

These laws enable the government to purchase either by agreement or by compulsory methods suitable private estates and sell them in small parcels to persons who desire to make homes for themselves and their families on the soil. Reference may here be made to the "Torrens System for the Transfer of Real Estate," which was originated in South Australia by the late Sir R. R. Torrens in the year 1858, and which

has been adopted in all the states of the Commonwealth and also in New Zealand.

This System "gives security and simplicity to all dealings with land by providing for such registration of title as shall admit of all interests which may appear upon the face of the registry being perfected, so that a registered title or interest shall practically never be affected by any claim or charge not registered." Many of the American states have adopted the system. This system is said "to cheapen the cost of dealings in real estate by reason of the simplicity of the procedure." It is thought these laws will have a tendency to encourage many to make their homes on the land.

I met several Canadian families that expected to settle on small farms not far from Ballarat in the State of Victoria.

Wheat, oats and barley can be produced at a profit where the rain is sufficient. Tasmania is the best wheat growing state in the Commonwealth. Its production for a series of years was more than twenty bushels per acre, while that for the whole Commonwealth during the same series of years was a little less than ten bushels per acre. It is said that wheat can be produced in Australia at a profit even if the yield is as low as eight or nine bushels per acre.

New South Wales and Queensland produce nearly all the Indian corn (maize) that is raised

in the Commonwealth. The former with an average yield of twenty-seven bushels, and the latter of twenty bushels per acre.

Victoria, for the same series of years, produced on an average fifty-eight bushels per acre, and the last official record that I have on hand — 1909-10 — shows that the average per acre was sixty bushels, but only a little more than nineteen thousand acres were planted. They have some very fine horses and cattle in the Commonwealth, and they raise a few hogs, but sheep and wool have made Australia famous the world over.

Wool and Sheep. The Commonwealth of Australia raises more sheep and produces more wool than any other country in the world. The average number of sheep in the Commonwealth on January 1st for the last twenty-five years was in excess of eighty millions. Notwithstanding sheep raising is very profitable and carried on extensively in every state, nevertheless New South Wales every year since 1878, with very few exceptions, has had within its borders more than one-half of all the sheep in the Commonwealth. Think of a state not quite one-fifth larger than Texas with more than forty millions of sheep within its borders. It is said that two or three of the largest sheep farmers in Australia have more than one hundred thousand sheep each. The tendency at present is an increase in the

number of flocks and a decrease in their size. The state of Victoria, which is only a little larger than Minnesota, had, according to the official report for 1910, an increase in the number of flocks or more than eight thousand, and an increase in the number of sheep of more than one and one-half million, but the average number of sheep in a flock has been reduced from seven hundred and six to five hundred and thirty-one.

Many of the large wool producers visit Sydney and other cities for the purpose of selling their wool clip on the wool exchange. You will meet plenty of them in the different cities and especially in Sydney and Melbourne. I had a long talk with one who lived five hundred miles from Sydney and thirty miles from the railway who came to the city to sell his wool. He shears from ten thousand to twelve thousand sheep; he sold his entire clip for twelve pence per pound, and the highest price paid on that day (January 25th) was only twelve and one-half pence—about twenty-five cents. On that date the German buyers were the best bidders; wool was a little dull. It had been higher a week or two before this. This gentleman thought that if the United States bidders would enter the market, prices would soon reach sixteen pence. He also said that in 1899 wool in the grease brought nineteen and one-half pence per pound for the best, and fourteen pence for medium, but in 1901 it was very

low, selling at from eight to twelve pence a pound. As a matter of course, this gentleman was a free trader as regards wool.

He spoke to me about the beef trust in America, declared they were trying to organize a trust in Australia and jokingly said, "Perhaps you are one of them." I assured him that that was not in my line. He said that a beef trust would do him good but that it would hurt the consumer. The Australian newspapers were very much agitated over the so-called beef trust and insisted that the government should never allow it to enter the country. Another gentleman who lived at Curra Creek by Wellington, New South Wales, said that he was not a large farmer but that he had seven hundred acres of land and kept several hundred sheep. His sheep are Merinos, and they average to shear eight and one-half pounds each. He had a five year old wether that sheared twenty-five pounds each year for three years in succession, and the past season it sheared twenty-eight pounds. Some small lots of sheep average from ten to ten and a half pounds each. The production of wool is the chief contributing factor to the pastoral wealth of Australia. The total quantity of wool produced during the past few years amounts to about six hundred million pounds annually, most of which is exported. Nearly one-half of the wool exported goes to the United Kingdom. France, Germany and Belgium

are also large importers of Australian wool. The wool imported in the United States from Australia amounts to about twenty million pounds annually. The total value of all the wool exported from the Commonwealth amounts to more than one hundred and ten million dollars annually.

The Argentine Republic, which lies in about the same latitude as Australia and whose climatic conditions are similar, is its chief rival in the number of its sheep and its production of first class wool.

For many years a clipped sheep in Australia was of little value as there were so many millions more of them than could be eaten by the small population, and the meat could not be shipped to foreign countries, but since the freezing system has been introduced and frozen meat can be shipped to the most distant countries, a large export trade in mutton and lamb has sprung up so that now more than ten million sheep and lambs are required annually to supply the demand. The Merino is the best sheep for wool in the world, but Australia is now breeding a mixed breed for both wool and mutton.

Gold. As to value, gold stands easily in the front rank of all the mineral productions of the Commonwealth. After the discovery of gold in 1851, large numbers of people rushed into the colonies in order to secure some of the precious metal, so that the very next year nearly six mil-

lion dollars worth was mined. The production of gold from that time was quite steady until 1860 when the amount began to decline quite rapidly and reached its lowest point in 1886, when only about four and one-half million pounds were mined, and then the production steadily increased until 1903, when more than sixteen million pounds' worth was mined, and that was the largest annual production in its history. Then the production began to decline steadily until 1908, when the amount produced was valued at a little more than thirteen million pounds. The total amount mined in the Commonwealth up to 1908 amounted to a little more than five hundred million pounds' worth, or about two and a half billions of dollars. Many of the gold mines are more than two thousand feet deep. The deepest mines are in Victoria in the Bendigo district, where the two deepest shafts on December 31, 1908, were more than four thousand feet deep. Western Australia produces one-half of all the gold mined in Australia at present.

Some large nuggets of gold have been found in the Australian gold fields, among which were the "Welcome" and the "Welcome Stranger."

The Welcome was found at Ballarat in 1858 and weighed twenty-two hundred and seventeen ounces.

The "Welcome Stranger" was found at Dunolly in 1869 and weighed twenty-three hundred

and fifteen ounces and it was valued at £9,534. Other large nuggets have been found since then.

Capital and Labor. Australia is a grand country and immense opportunities lie before it. The fickle climate and the droughts to which it is subject are drawbacks, to be sure, but notwithstanding those difficulties, there is plenty of opportunity for a man of energy to make a success. The one thing that Australia needs more than any other in order to develop its resources, is a larger population. There is no reason why the population of the Commonwealth should not be doubled within the next ten years, and if it were doubled every one would find plenty to do and not one person would need to be idle if capital and labor would work together in harmony. Every Australian ought to use his influence to induce capital and labor to work in harmony so as to develop their common country. The differences should be so adjusted that each would get its just reward. Both are essential to the upbuilding of a country, and neither can exist without the other, and as one, so to speak, is the handmaid of the other, they ought always to be in sympathy with each other. Strikes without due deliberation and lockouts without just cause do not have a tendency to make for peace.

There is only one thing that will ever produce a lasting peace between capital and labor, and that is absolute fairness in dealing with each

other. When the labor question in Australia is settled, if it is settled right, then the Commonwealth will be in a position to forge ahead by leaps and bounds, because there is an immense amount of work to be done at a profit: railways to build, farms to develop, mines to operate, commerce to extend, — all these things waiting for some one to push them along.

While the writer was in Australia, the bitterness between labor and capital was intense, and yet the masses seemed to have a fellow feeling for one another as sincere and genuine as that possessed by any other people that I have met.

Newspapers. Australia has reason to be proud of its newspapers. They are reliable and spicy without being sensational. Some writers say that they are more dignified and influential than those of any other English speaking country in the world. As a rule, they discuss public questions in a more serious and dignified manner. I was surprised at the amount of English and also American news found in some of their leading papers. The names of many of the newspapers in Australia are similar to those in our own country, which made them look quite homelike. They have the Herald, the Telegraph, the Sun, the Age, the Argus, the Register, and some other familiar names.

While there are many first class newspapers in the Commonwealth, there are very few, if any,

magazines or reviews, and that no doubt is in a measure accounted for by the high standard of their newspapers. The Bulletin, however, is published in quarto form, and some of the most talented artists and best writers are in its service. Much of its space is devoted to society. It is said to be the ablest paper published in Australia, but I did not like it as well as I did some of the other leading newspapers.

Cities. The cities of Australia are clean and progressive, and as a rule well governed. Their municipal affairs are almost entirely free from party politics. All of the leading newspapers resent any attempt made by party politicians to fasten their baneful influence upon the city governments.

The cities of the Commonwealth contain more than one-half of its entire population. This situation is strange for a new country and rather unfortunate. It is in a measure, no doubt, caused by the large estates and the immense sheep stations, which have a tendency to make life lonely in the country. The Australians are fond of sports. They love music and are proud of their most noted singer, Melba, who is known all over the world. They are frank and outspoken; many of them, perhaps a majority, have socialistic tendencies. They are more like the people of the United States than any other people I ever met. They are very genial, kind and pleasant.

A leading Australian told the writer that an Australian would stop to give information to a fellowman even if he missed a train by so doing.

The people of Australia want a white government. They have deported all of the South Sea Islanders that used to work in the sugar plantations of Queensland and are getting white laborers to take their places. They do this even when that method requires them to pay a bounty to the sugar producers. Asiatic immigration is severely restricted, and in some cases entirely prohibited. The government has never had much trouble with the natives as they have always been kind when well treated. They are said to be a primitive race but not a degenerate one, and that they have some of the physical characteristics of all the leading races, but I think that the few that I have seen resemble the negroes of America very much.

In securing game they throw the boomerang, a short, bent, flat stick about two inches wide and two feet long, a number of which may be seen in the museum at Melbourne. They also use a spear, but know nothing about the bow and arrow. These natives (aborigines) are so primitive that it is supposed by some people that Australia was the birthplace of the human race, that the Garden of Eden was within its borders, and that in a few years the millenium will take place there.

The aborigines of Australia cannot stand the

influences of civilization. There are now only about sixty thousand left. Whole tribes have been blotted out wherever they have come in contact with civilization.

It seems strange that they should be about the lowest in the intellectual scale of all the inhabitants in the world, and that the native Maori of New Zealand, which is only about twelve hundred miles away should be the most intelligent of all the so-called savage people. In fact, some writers consider him intellectually the equal of the white man.

CHAPTER IX

ADELAIDE TO PORT SAID

ON March 16th we left Adelaide for Outer Harbor, which is fourteen miles away, to get on board the India, which left Sydney, Australia, for London, England, as stated on a previous page. The tourists' office at Outer Harbor had on hand for distribution many pamphlets and circulars full of information in regard to the advantages of Australia. The steamer left promptly at six p. m. Our stay in Australia was very instructive. We were fortunate in seeing the country at its best; it had been one of the most prosperous years in its history. They had more rain than usual, which made the country look green and cheerful instead of dry and parched, as it often does during the summer months. The climatic conditions of the country were never better.

On March 20th, just before noon. we arrived at Fremantle near Perth on the southwest coast of Australia. The trip across the Great Australian Bight was pleasant although it was somewhat rough. We were allowed to go ashore at Fremantle with instructions to be back on board

at six p. m. Many of the passengers, including my brother and myself, went ashore and took the steamer Zephyr for Perth, which is situated on the Swan River a short distance from its mouth. The trip up the river to Perth was quite interesting as we now and then passed a fine residence with a beautiful lawn and pretty surroundings. The landing stage at Perth was in a pretty park, in which stood the Supreme Court Building. We went to the post office, and after walking about the most interesting parts of the city we went to the railway station at Wellington Street and took the train for Fremantle.

Perth is the capital of Western Australia. It is a pretty little city with some fine public buildings.

In order to supply the dry, parched gold fields at Kalgoorlie with water, the state government of Western Australia entered into one of the most gigantic undertakings ever attempted by a handful of people, so to speak. They built a dam seven hundred and sixty feet long and one hundred feet high across the Helena River near Mundaring, and laid pipes and constructed reservoirs for the purpose of supplying the towns in the gold fields with water. The capacity of the Mundaring Reservoir is four billion six hundred million gallons, and its daily output capacity is five million gallons. The water is pumped through a thirty-inch pipe from this reservoir to the main reser-

voir in the gold fields three hundred and fifty-one miles away. This main reservoir in the gold fields is twelve hundred feet above the reservoir at Mundaring, from which the water is forced by eight pumping stations along the main line. The total cost of the works was more than three and a quarter million pounds, or nearly sixteen million dollars. This was surely a gigantic undertaking for a state that had at that time less than one hundred and fifty thousand people within its borders, and comparatively speaking, many of them were opposing it. But the state at that time had a Premier that had sand, sense, and sagacity; the scheme was pushed through to a successful termination, and every one now is aware of its value.

These gold fields now produce about one-half of all the gold mined in the entire Commonwealth.

It was nearly seven p. m. when the India left Fremantle for Colombo on the island of Ceylon. The evening was clear and beautiful; we saw the moon rise over the waste of water. It was a little late as it was past full moon.

The 21st was a fine day. The water in the Indian Ocean is darker, or more of a black blue, than it is in the Atlantic or Pacific, as I remember the former on one of my trips long ago. At night there was much soft, bright reflection on the water said to be phosphorus. The 22d and

23rd were both fine days, but on the 24th the sea was a little rough all forenoon. After noon it rained quite hard but the wind did not blow much. The following notice was posted in the music room on the 24th: "This ship is advertised to leave Colombo at nine a. m. on Thursday morning."

On the 25th it was raining in the afternoon and quite dark and the ship's whistle blew every few minutes. A day or two ago we saw a large water spout; it seemed to be eight or ten miles from the ship and away back on our right.

On the 27th there was a fine breeze all forenoon but the weather was quite hot. At noon today we were only twelve minutes south of the line, as they call the equator. The sea was very smooth.

The 28th was one of the finest days that I ever saw. The ocean was as smooth and calm as a rather sluggish river. There was a very fine sunset, but it began to rain suddenly a little after eight p. m.

March 29th the steamer arrived at Colombo early in the morning and anchored out in the harbor about one mile from shore. We had breakfast at eight-thirty a. m. and then we were taken ashore on a small launch. About one-half of the passengers had left the steamer between four and five o'clock to go to Kandy, the ancient capital of Ceylon, which is in the midst of the

tea fields and rubber producing country, about seventy miles from Colombo. About a dozen of us who were left behind made arrangements with a native to provide carriages to take us to the most interesting places in the city and out to Mount Lavinia Grand Hotel, where we were to have lunch.

Colombo is only about seven degrees north of the equator and the climate is very hot during this time of the year. It is the most remarkable city that I ever saw. Strange sights meet the eye at every turn. We passed the post office, the American and other consulate offices, Queen's Palace, Gordon Gardens, Lipton Tea House, Barracks, Ocean Beach, the Galle Face Hotel, Native Markets, Hindu Temple and many other interesting places, and finally arrived at Mount Livinia Grand Hotel, about seven miles away. Our party of twelve was provided for by three carriages, each with a native driver. The route was lined with native beggars. Sometimes eight or ten would follow our carriage at once, and if it would stop for only a moment they would crowd around it and throw flowers in it, then salute us and cut up all sorts of capers to attract our attention so that we would give them money. One little fellow, perhaps nine or ten years of age, almost entirely naked, who had one arm off at the shoulder and the other one off just above the wrist, came begging for money. I put a sixpence

on his arm, and he raised his arm up and put the money in his mouth.

I saw more begging in Colombo during our short stay there than all of the rest of the begging that I ever saw in my life. Many of the native children ran about the streets absolutely naked, and most of the workmen wear no clothing except a narrow strip of cloth tied around their bodies, while others have a short skirt fastened around their waists.

On the way out to the Mount Lavinia Grand Hotel, our carriage stopped in the streets for a few minutes in front of a hut where an old Indian man sat with a baby about three months old. He gave it to me and I held it for a short time. It was entirely naked but it looked as happy as could be.

Natives would pass along the street with the smallest parcel of wood, consisting of roots, bark and twigs, under their arms. The whole parcel would not make one good stick for a common cook stove. They had gathered it along the streets and were taking it home to burn. The natives, both men and women, carry very large and heavy loads upon their heads.

The natives are as fond of tobacco as their white brethren and you will see some of them smoking either a cigar, a cigarette or a pipe, but the oddest thing is to see them chewing some-

thing that will make their tongues, lips and teeth quite red.

The streets were lined with great heavy ox carts, some drawn by one ox hitched between great shafts, and others by two hitched to a great, long, heavy tongue. Many of these carts were covered like our emigrant wagons of long ago. The cattle were of the Indian breed, with a large bunch on the top of their shoulders. They had twine strings or ropes around their necks fastened to the yokes instead of bows. The driver would sit in an uncomfortable position just behind the cattle upon the great heavy tongue to do the driving, and as the roads and streets were excellent they would haul enormous loads.

Another oddity is the Rickshaw. We saw hundreds of them. It is a two-wheeled vehicle drawn by a person. Some of them are very fine and have tops like a buggy. The natives would pull them about the streets and even go on long journeys with them, and often trot along about as fast as a horse would travel. In fact, one of them containing a passenger from our ship followed our carriage for a long distance and kept up with us so that he could trot along in the shade. It looked inhuman, but they seem to enjoy it.

Soon after arriving at Mount Livinia Grand Hotel, we had lunch and then took a short walk

with a guide who showed us where the British kept several thousand Boer prisoners during the South African war. We also went through a large grove of cocoanut trees. They were full of fruit in all stages of growth from the small green nuts to the large bunches of ripe ones. Some blossoms were also on the same trees ready to produce another crop. Many of the cocoanut trees had palm leaves tied around their trunks so as to make a noise if any one attempted to climb them to steal the nuts.

We visited a native village where we saw several natives making lace. We then took the carriage and were driven to the Cinnamon Gardens, and each one of us got a small piece of green cinnamon bush. We saw the bread tree, so-called, because its fruit resembles bread, and the Jak fruit tree, which produces large bunches of odd looking fruit weighing from twenty-five to thirty pounds each. The fruit of these trees is used for food.

The cotton tree grows from thirty to forty feet high and bears pods about six inches long and perhaps two inches in diameter. These pods are full of cotton, and when they are ripe they will burst open and the cotton will come out. Truly the tree and plant life in and about Colombo is wonderful.

We visited the native museum and it was quite interesting. But by far the most interest-

ing place that we visited in Colombo was the Buddhist Temple. It is an odd place. Just as you enter the Temple a large figure of Buddha is lying in front of you and all through the building on the walls are pictures of characters taken from their Sacred Book. A young intelligent native Buddhist explained the meaning of many of these figures.

At one place we saw them building a piece of new road. They were using a large roller that would compare favorably with one in our own country. They were digging trenches along some of the streets for the purpose of putting the telephone wires under ground in the city. Occasionally one would see a pleasure cart drawn by an ox, but as a rule they are drawn by a horse.

Upon our return to the city, we quit our carriage at the Globe Hotel and walked to the post office. At that place were a number of persons with rickshaws waiting for passengers. They insisted that we should ride. I think that I would have done so if it were not for the fact that I was too democratic in my tastes.

White men and women were not the only persons to be conveyed about in rickshaws drawn by human muscle, but many native persons seemed to enjoy the luxury. I remember in particular a prominent native leaning back in one of these vehicles taking much comfort. He had great rings in his ears. The rings were at least two

inches in diameter, and when our carriage passed him he bowed and smiled. They have some very neat carriages and the automobile was met with quite often.

The city seems to be provided with all the modern conveniences such as tram cars, telephones, electric lights, etc, but in the method of doing most of their work they seem to be one hundred years behind the times.

We saw a large company of natives packing coal in sacks on their back to a small flat boat which, when loaded, would be rowed or towed out into the harbor alongside one of the large steamers and unloaded by the same method. It was a hard, hot task; no wonder they were nearly naked.

The City of Colombo has a population of about two hundred thousand, and of that number perhaps less than three thousand are Europeans. Some English gentlemen have very fine residences in the city, but some of the very finest residences belong to the natives. The richest people on the island are some of the natives who own large landed estates. They derive their incomes from the cocoanut tree and from the plumbago mines.

The Island of Ceylon has been under British control for nearly a century. Other European powers attempted for more than three hundred years to colonize it but made a failure. When

the British got control of it there were less than one million people on the island, but now it contains more than three millions and they seem contented and happy. Buddhism is the prevailing religion, but there are many Brahmans and Mohammedans and about two hundred and eighty thousand Christians, more than two-thirds of whom are Roman Catholics.

I think that I never saw a jollier lot of passengers in my life than were on the Steamer India on the morning of March 30th as she sailed out of the harbor at Colombo. Nearly every one of us was humbugged by the natives. We knew that we were humbugged but we had the experience and it was worth more to us than the money, so we considered ourselves fortunate.

We hired a carriage for five shillings each for the trip. After the trip the driver wanted extra pay. The man who got up the party wanted pay. We hired a boat to take us to the ship and agreed to pay sixpence each, although the regular price was five pence. When we got to the ship they demanded more, but in this case we refused to pay it. We had several other similar experiences.

They have no sense of honor. They asked enormous prices for the trinkets they had to sell, and in many cases got three times what they were worth.

A lady who sat next me at table and who had lived in Colombo for five years, said it was no

use to send missionaries amongst them as they will do anything and believe anything for money. She said they seemed contented and happy and it would be better to help the poor in London as they are ten times more in need of assistance than the natives of Colombo.

About thirty-five or forty of our passengers remained at Colombo and about the same number of new ones came on board. The total number of passengers, both first and second cabin, on board was about two hundred and eighty. From the purser I learned that the crew consisted of two hundred and eighty-one all told, of which number one hundred and seventy-five were native Indians. The cargo was mostly fruit, but there was a little wool, copper and grain on board. The fruit was kept at a temperature of forty degrees Fahrenheit and was tested twice a day.

We arrived at Aden, Arabia, at two a. m. on April 5th. The steamer called there to get mail, and while there it took on about two hundred tons of coal. It did not go to the shore but anchored about one-half mile away. None of the passengers went ashore as the steamer remained in the harbor only about four hours, leaving there just after sunrise. There were several large ships in the harbor. The place belongs to the British and it is strongly fortified. It is of importance as a coaling station for steamers. There are great rocky hills all around the coast. Everything was dry

and parched up, yet the scene was quite picturesque. The scarcity of fresh water is a great drawback to the place. It has in a measure to depend upon purified salt water for its supply. I wished to see the sun rise over the hills of Arabia, but I was somewhat disappointed as it was cloudy and we could not see the sun at all, but the reflection on the clouds above looked rather pretty.

The weather was very fine all the way from Colombo to Aden and we all enjoyed the trip very much. There was scarcely a white-cap to be seen and often the sea was as smooth as glass. As the route was over one of the main ocean highways, we passed many ships, several of which were not far from us, and this helped to enliven the trip. There were many very small flying fish in the sea like those we saw in the Pacific. Often in the evening the phosphorus light reflected on the water was very beautiful. The different kinds of sports, the concerts and the music made the long hours pass quickly away. The passengers were first class, intelligent and social, which helped to make the trip a delightful one.

Soon after we left Aden we passed through the Strait of Babel-Mandeb, which is about fifteen miles wide, and entered the Red Sea. The water of the Red Sea is a light, greenish color; at any rate, it is not so dark as the Indian Ocean.

About three p. m. we passed Mocha, a fortified seaport town in Arabia. It is important because of its coffee trade. In the evening we passed a lighthouse on a rocky island along the Arabian coast. The light would flash twice every ten or twelve seconds. The rocks were quite close. We were in sight of land all day on both sides of the ship. The coast of Arabia was high and mountainous and seemed quite barren.

April 6th was a very fine day. We saw no land. The sea was smooth and the weather was fair and cool. April 7th was another fine day. Passed several ships. Towards evening we could see land on the left. We had a concert on board this evening. It consisted of songs, a recitation, (Crossing the Bar,) a violin and piano duet, a song, a lecturette, (An American's Notes on Travel) and then several other songs, closing with God save the King. It was all very interesting.

On April 8th we passed two or three lighthouses on the African coast and for a long time we were not more than thirty-five or forty rods from the shore, and at noon we could see land on both sides of the ship. The sea was quite narrow now, the rocks were of a reddish cast and quite barren, but towards evening the Arabian shore seemed to be nothing but white sand. The African side was sandy and barren also, but not quite so white. We all were anxious to know

where the Israelites crossed over the Red Sea dry shod, but no one seemed able to tell us.

The steamer stopped at Suez near the entrance to the canal a little before eight p. m. A great many natives came on board at Suez to sell fancy work, shawls, fancy boxes and many other things. It reminded me of Colombo. I think the mail was all sent ashore as soon as we arrived at Suez so as to go by railway to Port Said to catch the early boat for Italy, and then overland to London. The hustle with the mail so as to send the latest news put me in mind of our own people. After stopping about two hours the steamer proceeded on its journey and soon entered the canal. The next morning at five o'clock the steamer was stopping at number thirty-seven, and I soon learned that we were thirty-seven miles from Port Said. I was pleased that the remainder of our ride on the canal would be by daylight. Our steamer was fastened to the right bank, and soon a steamer called the Saint Kilda passed us. We remained here until four more ships passed, and then our steamer was unfastened and we passed on. It was a fine sight to see these ships one after another pass us in the canal. They looked so majestic as they sailed away from us through the narrow channel. As a matter of course, it is a large canal but not large enough for two steamers to pass one another unless one is fastened up rather close to

the bank, as in many places there is much fine sand. The five ships were about one hour in passing us. They were only a short distance apart.

The next thing of interest that met our view was a great many natives with about thirty camels. They were digging on the east side of the canal with the object of making it wider. It was amusing to see how they removed the dirt. Each one of the camels had a box fastened on its back with two compartments, one on each side. These camels would be compelled to lie down while the boxes were filled with dirt; then they would be compelled to get up with these heavy burdens on their backs. Sometimes the load would be so heavy that the camel would not or could not get up, and then the native driver would set up a terrible yelling and urging and finally the camel would rise with its heavy load. These loads were taken back a short distance and dumped.

It was a beautiful Sunday morning and it looked so strange to see them all at work. Soon after this we passed a bucket dredge which I think unloaded its rubbish or dirt upon a flat boat, and near by a suction dredge was at work. It put the dirt and slush through a pipe, and it was forced far back from the bank.

On the west bank was a railway running most of the way close to the canal, and later in the morning we saw a train upon it. All of these

things had a tendency to make the trip very interesting. The country is flat and in some places lower than the banks of the canal. In fact, the canal was made through some swampy places as well as through several lakes. We must have passed some higher banks during the night.

The general trend of the canal is north and south, but there are several curves in it. As we get nearer Port Said, there are a few pleasant villages upon the west bank and I think that a ferry is maintained at some of these places. Along the canal towards Port Said, the land is sandy and swampy and not good for farming purposes. At some places quite a quantity of sand had washed into the canal, and at other places a good stone wall protected the bank so that the sand could do no damage. A great many small sail boats ply up and down the canal. They can pass the large steamers any place without trouble. They are quite small and very narrow. Some of them were loaded with stone. As we pursued our journey we saw several other gangs of laborers with trucks on a temporary track. These trucks were loaded at the bank of the canal, run back by hand and dumped. As it was lower back from the canal the natives had great sport starting the load and then jumping on for a ride. When the car stopped it was dumped and run back for another load. We passed several

more dredging machines before we reached Port Said. Just before noon we passed the Euphrates, a large ship loaded with French soldiers.

Several travelers told us that it would be very hot going through the canal, but it was a cool morning and we all enjoyed the trip immensely.

At one place there seemed to be a body of water on the left bank of the canal over which appeared to be a large flock of birds, but this proved to be a mirage or delusion.

The purser told me that it would cost seventeen hundred pounds for the India to run through the canal. It cost some of the larger steamers more than ten thousand dollars to go through.

We arrived at Port Said just at noon and anchored opposite a large steamer loaded with British soldiers. The harbor looked very pretty as we approached it. We had lunch on board and then were taken ashore by one of Thomas Cook & Son's agents, who assisted us through the customs house, which was soon accomplished as our baggage was only slightly examined and some of it was not opened.

Very few passengers stopped here and the steamer soon proceeded on its journey to London.

At Port Said these large steamers anchor out in the harbor and the passengers are taken ashore by a small steamer or by row boats.

The Suez Canal is an enormous benefit to all the nations of Europe, and it is especially so to

England as it enables her to reach her Indian and other Eastern possessions much sooner than by sailing around Africa. There is a wonderful amount of traffic on the Canal and some very large ships pass through it. There is some talk of making it wider and deeper so as to accommodate some of the still larger modern vessels. Great Britain has a controlling interest in the canal, but all ships have to pay toll.

Port Said takes its name from Said Pasha, the Viceroy of Egypt, who granted the concession for the construction of the canal. The town has a population of about sixty-five thousand, and it is one of the greatest coaling stations in the world. More than one million and a half tons of coal being annually supplied to the steamers. A large statue of Ferdinand De Lesseps, under whose direction the Suez Canal was proposed and successfully completed, stands out upon a substantial breakwater at the right hand side of the harbor on entering it from the sea.

It seems so strange that here in the East they take such little pains to save human muscle. I presume it is because it is the cheapest thing they have. In digging a cellar and foundation for a building at Port Said, we saw twenty-five or thirty natives carrying the dirt in baskets on their shoulders some distance away and dump it and go after another load. At Colombo, Aden, Port Said and

other places the coal for the large steamers was all packed on the backs of the natives, and emptied into the hold of the ship. I do not think that there is a white man on earth who would do that work. I have seen more than one hundred of these natives putting coal into a large ship, and they were actually on the run and were still urged to go faster as they seemed in such a hurry to get the work done.

CHAPTER X

THE HOLY LAND

AFTER calling at the United States and English consulate offices, the post office and the Bank of Egypt, Ltd., we went to Thomas Cook & Son's to complete arrangements for a trip to the Holy Land. As the season was getting late for tourists to go to the Holy Land and as the next Sunday would be Easter Sunday, there was quite a rush to that place, and it was with much difficulty that we got an opportunity to go. We were advised to go to Cairo first as there would be no room on any of the steamers that left for Jaffa for several days. We, four of us, finally completed arrangements to go to the Holy Land by agreeing to pay the first and second engineers of the steamer Maria Teresa extra for their rooms. Mr. Stevens and his wife took the first engineer's cabin, and my brother and myself took the second. We left Port Said on Monday morning.

The steamer was a small one and did not have much cabin room. The deck was crowded with people, mostly Egyptians and Arabians. The Arabians were lying around on the decks so thick

that one could scarcely get about without stepping on them. We had a seven course dinner at seven p. m. There was plenty of it but it had an unpleasant taste, although it seemed to be perfectly clean. All of the table waiters wore white gloves.

On April 11th I arose at five a. m. It was quite foggy and passengers were lying around everywhere on deck. Several Mohammedan women had bands around their heads and covering over their faces, which is a custom among them. The sea was very smooth and at seven a. m. we could see Palestine in the distance. We arrived at Jaffa about eight o'clock and anchored about half a mile from the shore. None of the passengers were permitted to go ashore until one-thirty p. m., as we were held in quarantine until that time so that the passengers could be thoroughly examined. As soon as we were permitted to leave the steamer, a regular bedlam broke loose, no doubt caused by the different boatmen trying to get passengers for their particular boat. This confusion lasted for ten or fifteen minutes, and then the passengers were quietly helped down the stairway to the row boats below, and as soon as one of the boats was filled it was rowed away and another took its place, and this was kept up until all the passengers left the steamer.

Our party of four, with six or eight other passengers, were taken ashore, by some of Cook's

boatmen, where we were met by one of Cook's agents. Before we left Port Said we had been instructed to call at Cook's office when we reached Jaffa, but as the train for Jerusalem had been waiting for nearly one hour we had no time to do so but were hustled to the train by their agent. We walked along the narrow lanes and streets for a short distance and then took a carriage for the railway station.

Cook's agent furnished a dragoman who went with us to Jerusalem. The distance by railway from Jaffa to Jerusalem is about fifty-four miles. Soon after leaving Jaffa we passed many pretty orange and lemon plantations and also an extensive olive grove. The train made a short stop at Lydda and then left for Ramleh, where it remained seven or eight minutes. There is a tradition that this place is the Arimathea of the New Testament and that Joseph who furnished the tomb for our Lord lived here and that the Latin Convent stands on the site once occupied by Nicodemus's house. Our dragoman would point out these places to us, yet it is said that there is no historical evidence that the tradition is correct. We next stopped at Sejed for ten minutes. The railway is now running along the valley of Sorek, famous for its ancient viticulture and also for the story of Sampson and Delilah. Soon after we passed Sejed, the birthplace of Sampson is pointed out. It is on our left on a hilltop about

a mile away. After making two or three more stops, we arrived at Jerusalem at six p. m.

The country was rocky and barren for several miles before we reached Jerusalem, with scarcely anything green in sight. There were several companies of soldiers at the station when we arrived. After walking a short distance we took a carriage for the Grand New Hotel. In entering the city we went through Jaffa Gate. The Tower of David is near the Hotel and Cook's office is not far away. Our company of four had a first class dragoman the entire time that we spent in the Holy Land. His ancestors were Arabians and he was a strict Mohammedan, but an intelligent guide. He had a very odd name but told us to call him Charlie.

On April 12th we visited the Dome of the Rock, also called the Mosque of Omar. It stands upon the summit of Mount Moriah and is said to be on the very spot where Oran had his threshing floor, where Abraham offered up Isaac and where the Jewish Temple stood.

No doubt the most sacred place in Jerusalem is the Church of the Holy Sepulchre. Upon entering the church by the main door, the first of the many places of interest pointed out is the Stone of Unction, where the body of Jesus was laid for annointing when it was taken from the cross. It is said that this Stone, which so many pilgrims kiss, is not the real Stone of Unction but

that the real one lies beneath the present slab, which was placed here in 1818. Near by is a stone pointed out as being the Station of Mary, marking the spot where she stood while the body of Jesus was being annointed. A few steps further on on the right we entered a rotunda, the dome of which is sixty-five feet in diameter. The Holy Sepulchre stands in the very center of the rotunda. It is within a small chapel and is only six by seven feet in area, nearly one-half of which is occupied by a marble sarcophagus which is shown as the Tomb of the Lord. The chapel is lit by more than forty lamps which are always burning. Not far from the sepulchre is a vestibule called the Angels' Chapel, in which is part of the stone which the angels rolled away from the mouth of the tomb. Near the chapel of the Syrians is a rocky grotto or cave with tombs. We were furnished with candles to enter this grotto or cave and saw the tombs of Nicodemus and Joseph of Arimathea and also several other tombs in the cave.

The chapel of the Finding of the Cross is very interesting. There is a legend which explains how the Empress Helena decided which was the true cross of the three which were found here. The Chapel of the Crown of Thorns, where, according to tradition, the Lord sat when the Crown of Thorns was placed on his head, is shown.

The Chapel of the Exaltation of the Cross is

supposed to be the actual Calvary. The furnishings in this chapel are very expensive, and some writer has said to have left it bare and plain would have been more appropriate.

There are several other interesting places in the Church of the Holy Sepulchre, but sufficient have been mentioned to show that it is one of the most wonderful and sacred places in the world. The New German Church is not far from this place.

We went up into the tower of that church and had an excellent view of the City of Jerusalem and the surrounding country.

Early in the morning of April 13th, our party with a dragoman and a driver left Jerusalem for Jericho by the Jaffa Gate. Soon after leaving the city we got an excellent view of it and the surrounding country. The route winds along the slopes of the Mount of Olives and we soon passed the site of ancient Bethany. Just beyond Bethany is the Russian Church, supposed to be on the spot where Martha met the Lord after the death of her brother Lazarus.

After passing several other interesting places, we arrived at the Inn of the Good Samaritan. This Inn is supposed to mark the place where a certain Samaritan helped the man who fell among thieves (Luke X, 25-27). We passed several other places of interest before we arrived at Jeri-

cho, but they will be mentioned on some of the following pages.

From Jerusalem until we get near Jericho, the country is hilly, mountainous and quite barren. Many sheep and goats were grazing on the scanty vegetation. We arrived at the modern Jericho a little before noon and drove directly to the site of ancient Jericho, which is about one mile farther away. Elisha's Fountain is near the site of ancient Jericho. There is nothing to be seen of the once mighty city except a few ruins. The foundations seem to indicate a very large city. Quarantania, or the Mount of Temptation, is pointed out as the place where the Lord was tempted of the Devil. The Mount of Temptation was steep and rugged on the side next to us. We did not approach it. It is said to be honeycombed by holes and caverns and that hermits still retire there for fasting and prayer.

We returned to modern Jericho and had lunch at one p. m. at the Hotel Belle Vue and after providing ourselves with souvenir bottles to get water from the River Jordan we started on the round trip from Jericho to the Jordan and the Dead Sea. About one-half hour after we left Jericho we passed a tree said to stand on the site of Gilgal, where the Israelites first camped west of the Jordan. There are several Biblical references to this place in the Book of Joshua. We

reached the River Jordan at the Pilgrims' Bathing Place. This is said to be the place at which our Lord was baptized. We saw a few Pilgrims bathing in the river. We went up the river a short distance in a row boat and then crossed over to the east side, but as there was a thicket where we landed and as it had rained the night before, which made it somewhat wet, it was rather uninviting and we soon returned. The river is said to be from eighty to one hundred and sixty feet wide. I do not think that it was much more than one hundred feet wide where we crossed it. The water was quite dirty and I supposed that it was caused by the recent rain, but our dragoman said that it is always dirty. It must be caused by its winding course and immense fall. The banks of the river are very low at the Pilgrims' Bathing Place. I was very much disappointed at the appearance of the river. After filling our souvenir bottles with Jordan water, we left for the Dead Sea, where we arrived about four p. m.

I thought the Sea was quite pretty because of the clean gravel and small stones along its shore. The sea is about fifty miles long and nearly ten miles wide at its widest part. It seems to me so strange that this sea, which is not far from the Mediterranean, should be nearly thirteen hundred feet below its level. The north end of the sea is more than thirteen hundred feet deep, but

the south end is very shallow, being from three to four feet deep near the shore and about ten or twelve feet deep near the center. It was called the Dead Sea because of its supposed deadly character. I remember very well when a boy I was taught to believe that no bird could fly across it because of its poisonous nature. While at the Dead Sea, our dragoman tried to point out to us on the opposite shore the place at which Lot's wife became a pillar of salt, and it is said that some early travelers claim to have seen her remains.

We drove from the Dead Sea direct to Jericho. The whole of this round trip was through sandy plains and over barren sand hills. We arrived at Jericho about five-thirty p. m. There was a very high wind during most of our way from the Dead Sea which would blow sand in our eyes. We were, however, very fortunate as it rained the night before or the sand would have been so bad as to have nearly blinded us. It sprinkled a little on our trip back and we saw a beautiful rainbow. We expected to be caught in a terrible wind and rain storm, in fact, we were quite sure of it, but it all blew over. As a whole, on this round trip the country seemed very barren and unproductive. We passed some sterile places where nothing would grow, and at other places there would be a little salt-bush or other hardy vegetation. We stopped in Jericho at the Hotel Belle Vue for

the night. We left Jericho for Jerusalem on Good Friday, April 14th, about six o'clock in the morning.

After driving for about one hour we caught a glimpse of the Dead Sea from the foot of a steep hill. All the men in the carriage were requested to get out and walk up the hill as it was too steep for the horses. I presume we walked about half a mile before we entered the carriage again. We were shown the place where Elijah was fed by the ravens near the Brook Cherith. A Greek monastery is near by and part of an old Roman wall is at the side of the road.

We arrived at the Inn of the Good Samaritan about eighty-thirty a. m. and fed our horses. Fifteen other carriages were at the Inn when we stopped there and several others came and went away while we were there. We remained there a little more than an hour and then left for Bethany, where we visited the so-called Tomb of Lazarus. It is in a vault and must be twenty-five or thirty feet below the surface of the ground. We took candles to enter the tomb. It is a wonderful place. It is said that the present walls were built around and over it about the time of the Crusades. We saw Simon the Leper's house, and passed by Martha and Mary's house. All these places appeared very odd. Our dragoman had ordered an excellent lunch before we left Jericho, and now we went a short distance from

Martha and Mary's house on a little hill in a lot sowed to barley and in which stood eight olive trees, and selected a comfortable place and ate it. The lunch had variety. It was well prepared and there was an abundance of it.

When we went to Jericho on the 13th, we passed fifteen or twenty donkeys loaded with large pieces of stone which the natives were taking from the quarry to the foundation of a building along the roadway. Some of this stone was dressed but the most of it was in the rough. These pieces of stone were tied together with cords in such a manner that one, two or three of them would lie on one side of the donkey's back and the same number would lie on the other side. The donkey would travel along under this heavy load with nothing to hold it on its back except these cords or ropes. There was not even a pad of any kind between the load and the donkey's back. It was surely a crude, cruel way to transport rough stone. We saw camels with heavy loads of stone also fastened in the same manner. When they reached the foundation of the building they were made to lie down and then the loads would be unfastened.

When we went to Jericho we saw very few people on the road, but when we returned we met hundreds of men, women and children and many of the women had very small babies with them. They seemed to represent every grade of society

from the very poor to the very rich. They were mostly pilgrims going to the Moslem shrine, the traditional burial place of Moses, also to Jericho and the Pilgrims' Bathing Place on the Jordan. Many of the Pilgrims were riding donkeys and some of the donkeys had double riders, a grown person in front and a boy or girl on behind, and still others would carry a mother and her very small baby. Now and then a donkey would have two boxes fastened on its back, one on each side, and a person would be in each box. Some of the donkeys were led along with large packs on their backs, and still others carried no loads of any kind. They had a few camels with them. They were used for carrying heavy packs on their backs. Most of the pilgrims were on foot and many of them of both sexes were barefooted. How they could get along over the rough roads in that condition was a mystery to me. As this was Good Friday, in addition to all of these travelers there was an organized band of pilgrims advertised to leave Jerusalem some time shortly after noon, but for some reason or other they did not leave the city until about three o'clock. After lunch at Bethany we drove to the Jewish cemetery not far from Jerusalem, to see the above mentioned band of pilgrims pass on their way to the Jordan. Both sides of the roadway in front of the cemetery were lined with carriages that were waiting for the procession to pass. It was

a most peculiar one. First there were a few guards and soldiers on horseback with guns, followed by a band. Then a leader and six other persons walking in the middle of the road would bow down and sing and sway back and forth in such an energetic manner as to nearly exhaust themselves. Then there was another squad of fifteen or twenty persons, each one of whom had a cane. They would cry out and toss their canes up into the air. These were followed by several hundred pilgrims. There must have been more than one thousand spectators along the highway when the procession passed the cemetery.

We arrived at the hotel in Jerusalem about four p. m. After resting awhile we went to the Jews' Wailing Place. It is along the outer wall of Solomon's Temple. The place is about a hundred feet long. The Jews meet here every Friday afternoon from three to five p. m. and stand with their faces toward the wall and read some portion of the Scriptures and lament and wail. It is a solemn scene.

On April 15th we visited the Armenian Convent. It is one of the richest and largest convents in the city. Within it is the Church of Saint James at the place where it is said he was beheaded. There is a chair here called Saint James's chair which is used only once a year. The convent is capable of accommodating about

three thousand people. When we left the convent, the attendants sprinkled rose water on our hands.

Just outside of Zion Gate is the Palace of Caiaphas. It is said to be at the place where Peter stood when he denied the Lord. A short distance from this place is a mosque known as the Tomb of David.

On Saturday afternoon, April 15th, we left Jerusalem by the Jaffa Gate for Bethlehem, which lies nearly five miles south. We entered the Valley of the Hinnom and then passed along the Valley of the Giants. On our left was the British Ophthalmic Hospital and on our right was the railway station. On the left near the British Hospital is the traditional tree upon which Judas hanged himself, and near by is the country home of Caiaphas, the high priest. This is called the Valley of Rephaim and it is on the boundary line of Judah and Benjamin. It was here that David defeated the Philistines. There is a long gentle rise and near the top of it is the Well of the Magi. It was here that the wise men stopped to draw water, and when they saw the star reflected in the well they followed it until the child Jesus was found. On the top of the hill to the left is the Convent of Elijah. There is a smooth piece of stone with a depression in it said to be worn by Elijah as he lay on it after fleeing from Jezebel.

We stopped at the tomb of Rachel, which is

only about a mile from Bethlehem. It is said there can be no doubt that this site is the scene of the touching story of Rachel's death, because it is revered by Christians and Moslems as well as by the Jews.

Bethlehem has a population of six or eight thousand. The streets are narrow and steep. The first place visited after reaching Bethlehem was the Church of the Nativity, which is on the spot where Christ was born. The Church of the Nativity is subdivided among the Greeks, Latins and Armenians. The chapel or grotto of the Nativity is a cave in the rock about twenty feet below the floor of the choir, and it is approached by two staircases. Descending by either of the staircases, the visitor enters a vault about thirty-three feet by eleven feet, cased with Italian marble, decorated with lamps, figures of saints, embroidery and other ornaments. A silver star on the floor indicates the spot where our Savior was born. Above this spot sixteen lamps are always burning. It is said that six of these belong to the Greeks and five each to the Latins and Armenians.

We also visited the Church of Saint Catherine. It is nicely decorated. A short distance south of the Church of Nativity is the Milk Grotto, where the Virgin Mary and the Infant Jesus were secluded before the fight into Egypt. The well of Bethlehem or David's Well, is interesting as

being the well from which David so much desired to have a drink of water. The Shepherds' Field is supposed to be the place where the shepherds were watching their flock by night and where they received "the good tiding of great joy." A wall surrounded this field, in which there were standing fine olive trees. The Grotto of the Shepherds is in this field, and it is said that this is the spot where the shepherds beheld the vision of the angels. After visiting several other interesting places and buying a few souvenirs, we returned to Jerusalem.

On Easter Sunday, April 16th, we attended the American Mission Church outside the walls of Jerusalem. The church was near the British Consulate. We went out at the New Gate and returned by the Jaffa Gate. The regular preacher was on a vacation and his assistant preached a sermon on The Resurrection. Very few people were present.

After lunch we went through the markets. They were very dirty. They had quite a variety of goods for sale. We went through the Church of the Holy Sepulchre again. It is always interesting. We went to the Jewish Synagogue but could not get inside as it was locked.

April 17th was very rainy and we had to take a closed carriage, which somewhat obstructed our view. We passed the Church of Saint George, Tomb of the Kings, Kidron Valley. After cross-

ing the valley the road ascends to the ridge of Scopus from which there is a magnificent view of the city on the right and the Jordan Valley and the Dead Sea on the left. Then we passed an enclosure known as Viri Galilæi. About one-half hour after we started we reached the small modern village on the summit of Olivet. The large building belonging to the Mohammedans stands on the site which from the fourth century has been shown as the place from which the Lord ascended to Heaven. The footprints of Christ are shown here. The Holy City lies before us; on the east is the Dome of the Rock, also the place where Solomon's Temple once stood. The Lord's Prayer is in thirty-two different languages on the walls of the building.

One rainy afternoon our dragoman ordered donkeys so that we might make a tour around the city outside of the walls. My brother and I made this trip alone with the guide as it was too wet for the other two of the party to venture out. We left the city by the Jaffa Gate and made the tour around it with the wall on our left. Going south we passed an immense reservoir called Birket es Sultan, said to be made in the twelfth century, and yet there is a tradition attached to this pool fixing it as the place where David beheld Bathsheba bathing, but that tradition dates only from the fifteenth century. South of the city almost opposite the Zion Gate is the Hill of Evil

Counsel, said to be the place where Caiaphas, the high priest, met the Jews and took counsel how they might put Jesus to death. A little farther northeast of the Hill of Evil Counsel is Potter's Field, said to have been bought with the pieces of silver that Judas secured for betraying our Savior (Matthew 27, 3-10).

After passing several other interesting places, we reached the pool of Siloam. It is just south of the Dung Gate. This pool is said to be fifty-three feet long by eighteen feet broad and nineteen feet deep. It was to this place that the blind man was sent by the Savior when he said to him, "Go, wash in the pool of Siloam" (St. John, IX, 9-7). Up the valley a little farther we passed the Jewish cemetery, where we stopped for more than two hours to see the procession go by on Good Friday. The ground is covered with tombstones up to the Mount of Olives. There are three well-known monuments here called the Tombs of Zachariah, St. James and Absolom. Going north from here, the Mount of Olives is on the right. A little farther north is Golden Gate, which is closed. We passed the Garden of Gethsemane and the Tomb of the Virgin. They are not far from Saint Stephen's Gate, through which they can be visited by people in the city. The view from Saint Stephen's Gate is very pretty, as across the narrow valley rises the Mount of Olives directly in front of it.

From Saint Stephen's Gate we continued our tour north and then west past the Gate of Herod to the Damascus Gate, which is on the north between the two ridges of the city and from which a road leads to Samaria and Damascus. There are several very interesting places around about the Damascus Gate which we did not visit on account of the disagreeable weather. When we reached the buildings in which the models of Solomon's Temple are shown, our dragoman left our donkeys in charge of a boy and we finished our tour on foot.

These models are supposed to be an exact reproduction of the Temple with all of its immediate surroundings, every part of which is explained by an expert who divides the sightseers into groups for that purpose.

After remaining here until the rain slacked up a little, we left the place and walked a short distance and entered the city through the New Gate and soon reached the Hotel. If we had gone to the next gate we would have made a complete tour of the city outside of its walls. I presume the New Gate is so called from the fact that it was not opened until the year 1889. It is situated on the northwest side of the city between Jaffa Gate and the Damascus Gate.

Jerusalem stands on a mountain ridge, the highest point of which is twenty-five hundred and forty feet above the Mediterranean Sea, and the

walls which surround it are about thirty-five feet in height. The distance around the walls of the city is only about two and a quarter miles, and the space within covers an area of only about two hundred and ten acres, nearly one-sixth of which is taken up by the Haram-esh-Sherif, or Temple Enclosure. The present walls were not built until near the middle of the sixteenth century, and they do not occupy the exact foundations of the old ones. The population of Jerusalem is estimated at from fifty to sixty thousand, more than one-half of whom are Jews. About seven or eight thousand are Christians and the remainder are Mohammedans.

Jerusalem is a queer city and a very filthy one. Most of the streets are very narrow and some of them are covered so that not a ray of sunlight can ever enter them. Goats and donkeys are led through these narrow streets and along the sides of them where the passengers must pass on foot. Under such conditions it does not require a vivid imagination to conclude that the streets would become extremely filthy. The bazaars, and especially the fruit and vegetable markets, are in a very untidy condition. I remember well the narrow crooked lane or street that leads to the Jews' Wailing Place, and how filthy it was, and it was with much pleasure that I read the following in the Literary Digest of January 3, 1914, page 23: "Another reform in-

stituted by Mr. Straus was the cleaning of the street leading to the Wailing Wall, which is part of the ruins of the Temple of Solomon, where the people go to pray. Until a short time ago the street was one of the filthiest in all Jerusalem, but at Mr. Straus's orders and expense it is now being swept three times a day and kept in perfect condition."

One of the great needs of the city is a first class water supply. Most of the water is obtained from shallow wells or cisterns, into which some of the filth on the streets must find its way. In the article just quoted, I noticed that Mr. Straus expects to remedy the evil by "establishing a pure water supply system" for the city. But stranger than the filth and the deficient water supply, is the fact that the different Christian sects that meet in the Church of the Holy Sepulchre should show such hatred towards one another that whenever any special service is going on, a guard of Turkish soldiers is stationed near by to keep peace between the rival sects.

I think most people who visit Jerusalem and the Holy Land for the first time are much disappointed, and the tendency is likely to make the average man or woman skeptical. Not that he would lose his religion, but that he would be shown so many places whose existence could be vouched for only by some rather modern tradition that he would be inclined to doubt the reality

of anything told him. Whatever the cause, I found upon inquiry that three-fourths at least of the people who visit Jerusalem and the Holy Land come away disappointed.

We left Jerusalem for Jaffa Tuesday morning, April 18th, and arrived there a little before noon. It was a fine trip. Near Sampson's birthplace we saw a few persons with twenty-five or thirty camels, all traveling along together. They seemed to be going somewhere to load their camels with packs. They were plowing at several places along the railway with camels, donkeys and cattle. We passed some very fine barley fields, a few of which were getting ripe.

At Jaffa we had lunch at the hotel just opposite Cook's office. About the middle of the afternoon we took a carriage for the boat landing. The heavy trunks and large valises were all carried to the landing stage by the natives. Three or four large trunks would be tied together and placed on the back of a person and a strap would be put around the pack and over the forehead, and in this manner they would carry great loads along the streets. Six or eight large suit cases would be put into a large sack which would be tied up and carried the same as the trunks. The carriages could not go the entire way to the landing stage, and we had quite a ways to walk. At the landing stage several row boats were waiting for passengers and there was quite a rush, as

nearly every one wished to be first. The row boat that took our party of four, and ten or eleven other passengers to the ship was provided with six oarsmen who would row and sing. The ship was about a mile from the shore, and as the sea was quite rough we had a rather serious time getting there. We finally arrived at the ship in safety. It was the Orénoque from Marseilles, France, to Alexandria, Egypt. A little after eight p. m. the ship left for Port Said.

We met a company of more than thirty on the ship who were all traveling under one management. We were told that it would be rather warm in the Holy Land after the first of April, but we did not suffer from the heat in the least. In fact, I wore an overcoat nearly one-half of the time that we were there. Perhaps it was a little cooler than usual for this time of the year. It was quite raw and cold the day we left.

We had a fine voyage from Jaffa to Port Said, arriving there on the morning of the 19th. When we went through the customs office our baggage was checked all right without examination. After lunch we arranged for a drive around the city and visited a mosque and the markets.

CHAPTER XI.

EGYPT AND THE PYRAMIDS

EARLY in the morning of April 20th we left Port Said for Cairo. The railway follows the Suez Canal until it reaches Ismailia, a town with a population of about six or seven thousand. The fresh water canal from Zagazig passes through this place. It is used for navigation as well as for irrigation purposes. We passed several towns on the way here, the largest of which was Kantarah. When we stopped at that place we saw from seventy-five to one hundred camels there, most of them with large packs on their backs. The railway trip along the canal was very interesting. We could see the dredges, camels and natives at work just as we saw them when we went through the canal ten or twelve days earlier. We were so close to the canal most of the time that we could read the names on some of the large steamers. There was also quite a number of small steamers on the canal, as well as many small narrow sail boats.

The country from Port Said to Ismailia is low and sandy most of the way, and there was very little vegetation to be seen. When we got within

ten or twelve miles of Ismailia the wind began to blow rather briskly, and we had to close the windows to keep the sand out of the car. Soon after we passed Ismailia we saw some patches of vegetation, and these patches became larger, prettier and more numerous until we reached Tel-el-Kebir, and from there on to Cairo we passed through one of the prettiest and most productive countries I ever saw. Some of the patches of heavy wheat and barley were just getting ripe, and at several different places the natives were cutting small patches of alfalfa with sickles for the purpose of feeding it green to their stock. At several different places, quite a number of natives dressed in white seemed to be planting something, perhaps cotton. At one place we saw a native plowing with two small cattle, while at another place an ox and a camel hitched together were used for the same purpose. The ox seemed to be too fast for the camel. We passed several native villages, the small huts of which were made of sod or sun-dried brick. Most of these huts were very low, not more than six or seven feet high, and in some cases the only roof or covering was a little hay or straw. We saw them irrigating land at several places. It was generally done by hitching an ox, a cow or a camel to a sweep attached to a water wheel. Before we entered this first class district, we saw a few sheep, cattle and horses on pasture. We also

saw several flocks of goats with shepherds looking after them.

We passed through Zagazig on our way to Cairo. It is a city of some importance, with a population of at least forty or fifty thousand. We arrived at Cairo at one p. m. and took a cab for Hotel Bristol, sometimes called Hotel du Nil.

Cairo, which is the capital of modern Egypt, is a city of more than half a million inhabitants. It is situated on the right bank of the Nile about one hundred and thirty-five miles southeast of Alexandria. It has a few public gardens and fine streets, but most of the streets are narrow and crooked, many of them not more than fifteen or twenty feet wide, and many of the narrow lanes are not more than one-half that width. The streets upon which tramways are located are not more than forty or fifty feet wide. In my notes on Jerusalem I spoke of its being a dirty, filthy place, but after spending four or five days here there was a question in my mind as to which was the more filthy, Cairo or Jerusalem. Often a narrow, filthy street in either city would lead to a substantial building, perhaps plain on the outside but so very beautiful within that one is surprised that it is situated amidst such filthy and uninviting surroundings.

Old Cairo, which is a suburb of Cairo and really a part of it, has a great number of narrow lanes and passages. The houses frequently over-

hang the way until they nearly meet overhead, thus excluding the rays of the sun.

The bazaars (markets) of Cairo are very interesting and are considered as one of its chief attractions. At these places one can procure fine porcelain, glassware, gold work, precious stones and many other souvenirs. A trip through the bazaars is well worth while.

There are said to be more than four hundred mosques in the city. We visited four or five of the most important ones. Before entering a mosque the native will remove his shoes and put on a pair of sandals, and the tourist is furnished with a pair which is put over his shoes by an attendant before he is permitted to enter the sacred place. One of the most interesting mosques that we visited was the Mosque of Mahomed Ali, sometimes called the Alabaster Mosque from the fact that its interior is lined with Oriental alabaster. It has a very pretty ceiling and cloister, and it contains the tomb of Mahomed Ali. From the back of this mosque we had an excellent view of the city and the group of pyramids seven or eight miles away as well as of old Cairo, the Island of Rhoda and the Nile. It is a very pretty view, and some tourists consider it the finest view in the world. There are no seats in the mosques and a sameness runs through all of them, so that a visit to a few of them is sufficient.

There is quite a number of churches in Cairo. The most important is the Coptic Church known as the Hanging Church, so-called because of its height above the ground and because it is approached by a flight of stairs. The young man who showed us through this church was a brother of the priest who officiated there. It is called an orthodox church, although it is neither like the Greek Catholic Church nor the Roman Catholic.

One morning we visited the Mohammedan University but had to put on sandals before we could enter it. All of the students take off their shoes before entering. Some of them would carry their shoes with them to have them ready to put on when they left the place. Just as we entered the University we saw several hundred students sitting on the floor reading the Koran, and soon after this we came to an open place, perhaps one hundred feet square, paved with stone, and a great many students were sitting in this open space in the sun reading. At another place several hundred small boys were reading. The last room that we visited was very large, and here services are held every Friday. The students are taught to read the Koran, and some of them translate it into English. The best scholars go out into the city to preach.

From the University we went to the Library. It did not seem to contain many printed books, but it was full of old manuscripts, many of which

were written on skins, and some parts of the Koran were written on stone.

One afternoon we left Cairo for Matarich, only five or six miles away, and after arriving there secured donkeys to ride to the Obelisk which marks the spot where Heliopolis (City of the Sun) once stood. This celebrated Obelisk is thought to be the most ancient in Egypt. It is sixty-six feet high, about six feet square at the base, and tapers but slightly to the top. It is said to extend into the ground twenty-four feet, thus making its entire length ninety feet. The entire shaft is all in one piece. On our way back from the Obelisk we stopped to see the Virgin Mary's tree, where she took Jesus when she fled from Herod. Under its shade the Holy Family is said to have rested. The tree was quite a large one and nearly dead.

On Saturday afternoon, April 22d, we left Cairo on a trip down the Nile to the dam. We arrived there in about an hour and a half. It was a fine trip. We left the steamer at the dam, but it went through the lock and on down the river. The gates at the lock were made at Ipswich, England. There seemed to be five branches of the Nile at the dam, but the middle one was dry.

The country on both sides of the river was very level and hundreds of water wheels were

furnishing water for irrigation. These wheels were usually turned by an ox, a bull or a cow hitched to a sweep; each animal was blinded by having a hood placed over its eyes, as it was supposed to work steadier and without fright in that condition. At some places where they were irrigating the land, they were making it very wet, in fact, they were flooding it entirely.

We remained at the dam about two hours and then took the train at Barrage for Cairo. The railway trip was very pleasant. We saw several persons plowing on the way back; each one had a yoke of cattle. The yokes seemed to be six or seven feet long and perhaps longer, and the cattle would walk far apart. The plows were quite rude and looked somewhat like our large single shovel plows, only their plows had tongues in them. When the plowman reached the end of the field he seemed to turn back and forth and not round and round as we do.

On Sunday morning, April 23d, we took a tram car for old Cairo for the purpose of visiting the Island of Rhoda where it is said that Moses was found in the bulrushes. That portion of the Nile over which we passed to reach the Island was very shallow, not more than five or six feet deep and perhaps from seventy-five to one hundred feet wide. We were taken over on a flat boat pushed along with long poles. There is an old palace on the Island. We saw the Nilometer

on the Island, which is an instrument used for measuring the rise of water in the Nile during its periodical flood. A short distance from this place and down at the edge of the water where several bushes were growing when we visited the place, we were shown where it is said that Moses was found in the bulrushes.

A well and a water wheel were near by, but the wheel was not running the morning we were there.

After leaving the Island we visited the Coptic Church mentioned on a previous page, and then we passed a Jewish Synagogue said to be as old as the time of Moses, and were shown the place where Moses talked with Pharoah. We were also shown the old record that it is said God gave to Moses. We saw several noted tombs in different places at Cairo, but the most elaborate and costly were two tombs in a very fine building. Inside of the building surrounding and facing the rotunda, were four very beautiful arches. In the rotunda, nearly under one of these arches, was the tomb of the Caliph who was the father of the present Khedive, and under the arch opposite was the tomb of the Khedive's mother-in-law, and these were the only two tombs in the building. The windows in the walls opposite each arch were simply magnificent. I think I saw nothing grander in Jerusalem. In fact, all of us who visited Jerusalem were of the same opinion.

We visited the Esbekieh Gardens, in which were some pretty flowers and shrubs and some peculiar trees. I remember one kind in particular which had roots from their branches. The branches were perhaps not more than eight or ten feet from the ground. Some small twigs would grow down from the branches and when they reached the ground would grow fast. I think we saw some of the same kind of trees in Colombo on the Island of Ceylon.

There is no Sunday in Cairo. Every kind of work is done on that day the same as any other day.

The first day we were in Cairo we passed four funeral processions on the streets, and after that we saw three or four more while we were in the city. It was a strange sight. The coffin was borne on the shoulders of the pallbearers, and those following after it would sing or chant something as they passed along. One day we saw the funeral of a pauper, so the guide said, but no one was following after his body singing. One day we saw a very fine hearse drawn by four horses, but no one seemed to be following it. No doubt a hearse is used in some cases.

Early in the morning of April 24th we took a tram car for the Pyramids of Ghizeh and arrived there about nine a. m. Upon paying a small fee my brother and I were assisted to climb the Great Pyramid. We were taken up by different

routes and each of us had four Arabs to assist us. One or two would have been sufficient as the pyramid was not hard to climb. The sides of the pyramid are rough and in most places one could easily step from one stone to another, but in a few places the stone above was so high that a little assistance was appreciated. The leader of my four assistants was known as Mark Twain. He got that name, so he said, because he took Mark Twain up one of the pyramids several years before. One of the assistants went along with us to carry the water, but no one needed water on a trip that required only an hour to finish. On the way up the pyramid these assistants will insist on telling the tourist's fortune, and on selling him a souvenir or two. The summit of the pyramid is about thirty feet square. We went up on one side of the pyramid and down on the opposite side. One can scarcely have any comprehension of the enormous size of these Pyramids even after seeing them unless he makes some estimate of their dimensions. When we realized, however, that this large one covers more than twelve acres of ground and that it is four hundred and sixty feet high, we can have some idea of its enormous size and of the immense amount of work required to build it.

There are two other large pyramids in the group and several small ones of not much interest. Some Egyptologists are of the opinion

that the Great Pyramid was the first of the Egyptian monuments and that it was built at least two thousand years before the birth of Christ, and perhaps nearly three thousand years before that time.

The Sphinx is only about one-quarter of a mile from the Great Pyramid. Its body is about one hundred and fifty feet in length, and it is hewn out of the solid rock, but its paws which are thrown out fifty feet in front are constructed out of masonry. It is about sixty feet high and has the body of a lion with a human head. Its features are now much disfigured, but they are said to have worn "an expression of the softest beauty and most winning grace." The Sphinx is of great antiquity. Recent Research seems to prove that it was in existence before the Great Pyramid was built.

From the Sphinx two of our party returned to Cairo, but my brother and myself with our guide took a ride across the plains to the Tomb of the Bulls near the site of ancient Memphis. On this trip our guide rode a donkey as he was a small man, but my brother and I rode dromedaries. We left the Sphinx about ten-forty in the morning and arrived at the Tomb of the Bulls about one p. m. Our trip from the Sphinx to the Tomb was through a sandy plain the entire way. There was scarcely a bit of vegetation to be seen anywhere on the trip, and there were no settle-

ments along the way except at some distance from our pathway to the left. The sand was very fine at some places, and at other places there would be a few stones or pebbles in it.

On this trip we met a great many natives with a few donkeys and a large number of camels going toward Cairo. The donkeys and camels had great packs on their backs, and in many cases the natives would walk and lead them along. They were usually in small groups, but we met several parties that had twenty-five or thirty camels with them. When we entered the Tomb of the Bulls we took candles with us but they made very little light and our visit there disappointed us a little. This Tomb, it is said, had been the burial place of the sacred bulls from six hundred and fifty-three years before the birth of Christ until within fifty years of that event.

After eating our lunch which we took with us from Cairo, we visited the Tombs under one of the pyramids near by and saw a casket cut out of solid granite. Its sides were about a foot thick and its cover, which was lying near by had been taken off and the body removed. We saw many ancient tombs in the walls around about us just as they were several thousand years ago. We next visited the catacombs under a pyramid near by that was being torn down. Our guide told us that tourists never or seldom visited this place because very few guides knew about it and

that it was not intended for inspection. Such stories never appealed to me because as a rule I know they are untrue.

It was a wonderful and rather unpleasant trip, as in many places the coffins were taken from the walls and their contents removed. At two or three places were great piles of human bones which we stopped to examine, and among which were many perfect skulls.

I think that there are about one dozen pyramids in this group, which is not far from the Tomb of the Bulls and also near the site of ancient Memphis.

Soon after we left the pyramids we saw a cemetery at the foot of the hill and near by it was a beautiful grove of date palms, through which we rode on our way to the site of ancient Memphis. The country began to get richer and we soon saw many small patches of cucumbers, beans and other vegetables. Just before we reached the little village where ancient Memphis once stood, we saw on our left many shallow wells dug for the purpose of irrigating these small parcels of land. A post about ten or twelve feet high is set not far from the well, at the top of which a long pole is fastened on a pivot at or near its center. This pole is rather heavy at one end and light at the other. The light end is just above the well, and the opposite end rests on the ground, or nearly so. A bucket is fastened to the end that

is above the well far enough from the end to be in reach of a person to use for drawing water. The light end of the pole is pulled down as the bucket descends into the well and the heavy end rises, and when the bucket is filled with water the heavy end helps to raise it out of the well. Sometimes a stone is fastened to the heavy end of the pole so as to make it still easier for the person to raise the bucket. More than one hundred of these arrangements for drawing water were in sight at one time.

We went through the village that stands on the site of ancient Memphis, but did not stop for want of time. It looked like a dilapidated old town.

Not far from this place we stopped to see the large statue of Rameses II. It was lying on the ground and was of immense size. I think that within the past year it has been removed from this place.

On our way to the railway station, which is not far away, we passed through several pretty date palm groves, and the country is much more beautiful as we get nearer the station. We passed some very fine pieces of wheat, clover and alfalfa, and the irrigation was now done by means of water wheels instead of by posts, poles and buckets as described above. I think that that method is only used for irrigating small patches.

Upon our arrival at the railway station, our

guide sent the donkey and the dromedaries back to the Sphinx with the three boys who followed us the entire way for that purpose, and we returned to Cairo by railway.

A great many tourists make the trip to the site of ancient Memphis, the Tomb of the Bulls and the group of pyramids near by from the station, thus saving a long ride from the Sphinx across the sandy plains.

Although the ride across the plains was somewhat tiresome, we enjoyed it very much. The day was very quiet and somewhat hazy and cloudy so that the sun shone but very little, and that helped to make the trip an ideal one. On a clear, windy day, the sun and sand would have nearly blinded us.

As this was some sort of a holiday, when we arrived at Cairo about five o'clock in the afternoon, we saw a great many people at the railway station and on the streets near by. Every nation in the world seemed to be represented and the scene was very pretty. We took a tram car for the hotel and had a good rest. Nearly every one told us that the ride across the plains would make us so lame that we could not get about for a day or two, but the next morning after the ride we were all right.

April 25th we left Cairo for Alexandria and passed through a first class farming country nearly all the way and saw immense crops of

beans, wheat, clover and alfalfa. These crops were in small patches, many of them containing less than one acre. All of these crops were raised by irrigation. The water wheel was mostly used for getting the water for irrigating the land, but many of these wheels were run by two head of cattle working side by side instead of one.

We also saw many round hollow pipes about ten or twelve feet long and about a foot in diameter, with a screw placed on the inside for the purpose of raising the water from the Nile. One end of these pipes would be put into the water and the other end would reach upon the bank and a crank would be made fast to the screw inside, which when turned by a person, would raise the water up on the land, or in some places store it for future use.

We arrived at Alexandria a little before noon, and after noon we took a drive around the city and visited the Gardens, which were attractive and nicely arranged. They contained some very pretty birds and a few animals, but the flowers and trees were the most interesting. We drove past the French and Italian cemeteries; they were rather pretty. We passed Pompey's Pillar and stopped there a short time. Near by is an old Mohammedan cemetery, and as there is no enclosure round about it, it looks rather shabby, and as one writer has said, "It is a wilderness of stone."

From Pompey's Pillar we went to the catacombs which, in some respects, I think, is the most wonderful place I ever saw. It was lit up by electricity and we could get an excellent view of the compartments. We went down a winding stairs ninety steps and then descended some other steps, when the guide said we were seventy-five feet under ground. In this place we saw the statue of a king and a queen that ruled twenty-five hundred years ago, then a picture of the sun and moon, also pictures of snakes, bulls, etc. We saw graves in the walls out of which mummies were taken to place in some museum. These graves were dug into the solid rock, and each one was so arranged that a slab of stone three or four inches thick could be set up in front of it and then the grave would be sealed up. Some of the tombs were still sealed. At one place were a few bones, of an animal, I think, as I saw what was called the skull of a horse. At this place there was a deep circular well with water in it. We went down to the water. We were informed that there were many tombs below that point. It is said that these catacombs were discovered only a few years ago. Two of our party, Mr. Stevens and his wife, left here for Italy.

Before we left Port Said for Cairo my brother and I made application for berths on the Steamer Mantua, which was to leave that place on May 1st. While we were at Alexandria I received a letter

from the Peninsular and Oriental Steamship Company that we could leave Port Said on that steamer by paying four pounds and eight shillings each extra for the trip to Marseilles and go first cabin, as the second cabin berths were all taken. We had second cabin tickets good for any of the boats of this line for Marseilles, and the extra cost represented the financial difference between first and second cabin. As we could not leave Port Said for some time unless we went first cabin, we made arrangements to go by that boat on May 1st.

Alexandria is only a little more than one-half as large as Cairo. It is European in its makeup, while Cairo is really an Oriental city. The names of the streets in Alexandria are marked in French as well as in the native language, which makes it very interesting. We visited the stock exchange for a short time. They were selling cotton when we were there.

On April 29th we took a drive to Romley, out on the Promenade. It was a fine drive and an excellent road. We passed the old fortifications, most of which had been torn down, and a fine garden occupied the site. There was an excellent vegetable and flower show at Romley and the Khedive came from Cairo to open it, but he had left the show before we arrived. We paid five piasters (about twenty-five cents) each to enter the show, but it was well worth the money. The

vegetables were excellent and of many kinds, and the flowers were very beautiful. They gave prizes for the best vegetables and for the most beautiful flowers. They also had several fine tables set and nicely decorated with flowers. These tables were arranged to seat from four to six persons. Along the promenade to the show were some very fine residences of foreigners, representing several different nationalities. I was amused to hear our guide call this the "High Life Section of the City."

On April 30th we left Alexandria for Port Said. A canal used for irrigating the land and a wagon road followed the railway for a long distance. We saw a great many people walking along the roads; most of them were carrying baskets on their heads. At one place we passed half a dozen brick kilns, two of which they were burning. Every one seemed to be at work, although it was Sunday.

We must have seen about one hundred people plowing and thousands were working in the fields. The plows used were the same as those seen in the other parts of Egypt. At one place we saw them threshing beans by driving cattle over them with some sort of a roller hitched to them. We saw some wheat that was harvested. It had been cut with sickles and piled in bunches about as large as one or two sheaves. We saw hundreds

of acres of cotton, most of it from three to four inches high.

Egypt looks very pretty at this time of the year. It is very productive along the Nile, but it seems to be a thousand years behind the times. I met a business man who was traveling in Egypt. He said, "It is an excellent farming country but no good for business."

We stopped at Zagazig about noon, and soon after that we got into the bad lands along the Suez Canal. We reached Port Said about three p. m. and went to the Eastern Exchange Hotel. The harbor was full of steamers, and among them was a very large one of the Orient Line with an immense load of passengers.

May the 1st I rose early and saw the sun rise over the city. In my notes on that day I say, "This is a lovely morning and the sun never shone brighter in any land." We went to the wharf to see whether the steamer Mantua had arrived. There we saw it, about seventy-five or one hundred feet from the shore. Then we went to the Peninsular and Oriental office and learned that we would have to make our own arrangements for getting on board. We went to Cook's office and learned that the steamer was quarantined and made arrangements with them to get our baggage from the hotel and get through the quarantine office and on board the steamer. As

a rule, through passengers are permitted to leave the steamer while in port, but no one was permitted to leave this one during the day and neither could any prospective passenger go on board without a permit from the local authorities.

A little before noon we were taken to the steamer in a small row boat and were soon on board, after one of Cook's agents showed an officer our permit. This steamer (the Mantua) arrived at Port Said early in the morning on May 1st and was advertised to leave at four p. m. the same day. It left Bombay, India, on April 22d and was on its way to London. When it arrived at Port Said it was quarantined by the local health authorities because of a plague which was prevalent in India. It was one of the newest and best boats of the Peninsular and Oriental Steam Navigation Company's fleet.

The purser of the steamer gave me the following facts in regard to it: It is five hundred and forty feet long, sixty-one feet in breadth, and thirty feet deep. Its gross tonnage is ten thousand eight hundred and eighty-five, and its registered horse power was fifteen thousand. It cost the company more than ten thousand dollars to take it through the Suez Canal on this trip. Its crew was made up of three hundred and fifty-six persons and it had on board when it left Bombay more than four hundred and fifty passengers, making a total of more than eight hundred souls.

Among its passengers were a Count and Countess, besides many other persons of note, including all grades from captain to Chief Justice of the High Court of Calcutta. The steamer was finished and furnished in first class style. Its woodwork was nearly all oak and its music and smoking rooms were large and cheerful. Its carpets, chairs, tables, writing desks and piano were equal to those in many first class hotels. It was, in fact, by all odds the best and largest steamer upon which it ever had been my good fortune to own a little space for even a short time. The company would not carry steerage or third-cabin passengers on its London and Australian, or on its London and Indian lines. It was quite exorbitant in its charges, but it looked well after the comfort of its patrons. The beds were first class, and the meals were all that could be desired. It even printed its list of passengers all upon one sheet without designating which were first and which were second cabin. That is very nice for oversensitive people, but I would rather see the names printed separately so that we might know who is who.

CHAPTER XII

THE MEDITERRANEAN, MARSEILLES AND GENOA.

ON May 4th we passed through the Strait of Messina, which separates the Island of Sicily from Italy and upon which is situated the City of Messina, which was nearly destroyed by an earthquake a few years ago. That was a terrible calamity, but the city had somewhat recovered from its effect and looked pretty as it nestled close to the shore with the green fields above it. The coast of Italy was equally as pretty, dotted as it was with many little villages with green and pretty hills above them. We passed close to Stromboli, a small volcanic island of the Laparri Group. From the crater of its volcano great clouds of smoke came forth. The next day we passed Corsica, which is noted as being the birthplace of Napoleon Bonaparte. We went south of that island, passing through the Strait of Bonifacio, which separates it from Sardinia. These two islands are rocky and somewhat picturesque, but in beauty they are not to be compared with either the coast of Italy or of Sicily.

The morning of May 6th was bright and cheerful, and the sun shone out in splendor as it rose

over the hills near the Church of Notre Dame de la Guarde at the entrance to the harbor of Marseilles. On both sides of the harbor are great white rocks with little vegetation upon them, but the beautiful sunshine presented such a fine scene and everything looked so pretty and bright that I could not resist the temptation to exclaim, "Beautiful France." An enthusiastic novelist with a smattering of French would write it, "La Belle France." All the way from Port Said it was predicted that when we arrived at Marseilles the passengers would be given a rigid examination and that perhaps we would be held in quarantine for several days because of the fact that two sick sailors were put off of the steamer at Aden, Arabia, suspected of having the plague, but strange to say, all of our passengers were in such excellent health that the local health officers must have had great faith in the report of the ship's doctor as there was no examination of the passengers and we were soon allowed to go ashore.

About four hundred of the passengers left the steamer at this place, most of them going across France direct to London by way of the Strait of Dover. It is only a little more than eight hundred miles from Marseilles to London by way of Paris while it is more than two thousand miles to that city by steamer by way of Gibraltar.

After finding a hotel and getting lunch, we

called at the American Consulate office, expecting to get letters from home, but we were much disappointed to learn that the Consul was not in his office and would not be in until Monday at ten a. m. as Saturday was a half holiday. When we called on Monday, we each of us got a great bundle of letters, some of which had followed us from Sydney, Australia.

This is a city of more than half a million people, and a hustling city it is. It is a great seaport city, and many large steamers call here on their way to Asia and Australia, as well as upon their return to London. We visited several places of interest while here, among which was the celebrated Church of Notre Dame de la Guarde, which was one of the pretty objects that first met our view upon entering the harbor. We attended divine services there at four p. m. on Sunday. We enjoyed it very much. The music was very fine and the audience seemed sincere and devotional. The priest had an excellent delivery, the building was packed to the doors and there were quite a few standing. It is a beautiful church, and the pretty view over the city and harbor from the hill upon which it stands would be enjoyed by the dullest intellect.

The stock exchange, court house, Palais Longchamps, and other public buildings are interesting and well worth seeing. And, as a matter of course, one cannot afford to miss the Zoological

Gardens. There are many fine monuments in the city.

Another one of the things that attracted our attention in Marseilles was the great number of first class horses. I have no desire to tell big tales or to convey false impressions, but it is my deliberate opinion that I saw more good horses here than I ever saw in my life before at any one time. Great heavy carts with enormous loads would be drawn by from two to five first class horses hitched one ahead of the other in single file, and heavy truck wagons with large loads would be transported by large horses hitched three abreast. If the load was extremely large two or three horses would be hitched single file ahead of the three back ones. They would draw immense loads either on carts or on wagons, but the horses were almost all of them, sleek, pretty and well proportioned. I presume that they would weigh from fifteen hundred to two thousand pounds each, and some of them perhaps more than that.

After spending a few days in Marseilles sightseeing, we left there for a two weeks' tour of Italy, stopping first at Nice, France, for the purpose of visiting Monte Carlo. On the trip from Marseilles to Nice, we saw some beautiful olive groves and vineyards. After we left Saint Raphael the seacoast was rather pretty. Nice is an attractive little city on the Mediterranean. Many

of the houses were white, which gave it a cheerful appearance. Some of the streets are lined on each side with long rows of beautiful shade trees. On May 11th we made a trip from here to Monte Carlo and returned by tram car. The trip was a very interesting one.

Soon after leaving Nice we passed Queen Victoria Hospital with the British Flag flying from a staff at its main entrance. With a foreign flag floating proudly in a foreign country and two foreigners, my brother and I, in a tram car, and everything peaceful and cheerful, it compelled me to ask myself the question, "Why should there be any occasion for a cruel war, especially between Christian nations?" As we went on and on, the hills and valleys became more beautiful at every turn and they were made more lovely by the artistic skill of the Frenchman, so that with the beautiful hills on the left and the majestic Mediterranean on the right, and at our feet nothing more could be desired to make the scene simply beautiful. I think that the climax was reached when we arrived at Beaulieu, about half way from Nice to Monte Carlo. At that place, the hills seem still more lovely and even the rocky terraces were covered with the prettiest and brightest flowers of different colors. In some places even the walls of the terraces had holes along their sides from which grew shrubs, plants and vines full of beautiful flowers. What a lovely road this

is, leading to the greatest gambling place in the world!

We finally reached Monte Carlo, which is an artistic little village on the Mediterranean coast. It is a clean place full of hotels and boarding houses. The place seemed rather quiet when we were there as the rush of the season was over. Everything here is for amusement. The gendarmes and even the waiters wore neat and stylish uniforms. People of the highest rank visit the Casino. We did not enter the Casino where the gambling tables were, as no one was allowed to enter unless he wore a dress suit. We took a walk up the hill to Monaco, a short distance away, and saw the palace, the home of the Prince of Monaco, but soon returned to Monte Carlo and left for Nice.

,, On May 12th we left Nice for Genoa by way of Vintimille, and in a little more than one-half hour we arrived at Monte Carlo. The scenery along the railway was very fine but perhaps it was not quite so pretty as it was along the tram car route. We arrived at Vintimille, on the boundary line between France and Italy, a little before noon. We had lunch at the station and passed the customs officer, but our valises were not opened. We passed several interesting towns and some pretty orange, lemon and palm groves before we arrived at Alassio. It is a busy seaport town and is said to take its name from Alas-

sia, daughter of the Emperor Otho, who escaped with her lover into the woods in the neighborhood. Off the coast near here is a small, green, rocky island. The route now passed through the delightful valley of Albenga. In this valley we saw water wheels similar to those that we saw in Egypt, but they were turned by a mule or a horse instead of by an ox or a cow. We also saw some well sweeps for raising water. This valley seems to be very rich and the people were engaged in raising all kinds of garden stuff.

Soon after this we passed some fine orange, lemon and olive groves. Some of the olive groves were quite large and the trees looked thrifty. In a short time after this we saw some olive trees growing on the rocky hillside. Grape vines at some places would grow on artificial terraces and even through holes in the sides of the wall. At some places the overhanging cliffs were covered with fine aloes which grew spontaneously in the crevices of the rocks. We soon passed another small island called Isola dei Bergeggi, containing the ruins of a castle and abbey, and in a short time we stopped at Savona for six or eight minutes.

We passed through a small village where shipbuilding was carried on extensively. There were very many small row boats all around the station. It seemed as if most of these small boats were

intended to carry only six or eight persons. I well remember passing through the village of Cogoletto, the reputed birth place of Christopher Columbus. It is only a small place, about ten or fifteen miles from Genoa. The country beyond this place is considered by some tourists as being the most beautiful on the entire route. There are groves of different kinds of trees and flowering shrubs.

We soon reached Genoa, which is about one hundred and twenty-five or thirty miles from Nice.

The entire trip from Nice to Genoa is certainly magnificent. The railway runs along the shore of the clean, clear, classic Mediterranean much of the way. The quaint villages and towns at the foot of the hills with their pretty flowers and background of green, add their share of beauty to the scene. And the hills, hills, hills, that approach so near to the coast that on this short trip they must be pierced nearly one hundred times have surely done their part to make this tour one long to be remembered, and especially when one thinks of the fine vineyards and pretty orange, lemon, olive and palm tree groves that at so many places cling to their sides.

Other seas may be just as beautiful, other villages and towns just as quaint, other hills just as majestic and other vineyards, orange, lemon,

olive and palm tree groves just as enticing, but a combination of all these at any other place has not yet been found.

Genoa is a seaport city with a population of about two hundred thousand. It has a fine harbor and vessels of the largest class can enter it. On account of its beautiful situation and the attractions of its buildings and streets, it is called The Superb. We passed the University, went through the aristocratic portion of the city and saw several fine palaces belonging to the Genoese aristocracy. In the streets where the aristocracy resides, the palaces are protected by very heavy iron gates. We visited the Church of the Anunciation. It was originally built in the year 1228, but it was enlarged and rebuilt about five hundred years ago. It is much the finest church in the city. Its interior is simply magnificent. Its nave and aisles are supported by twelve columns of white marble inlaid with red. The arched ceilings and dome are richly gilded. The Cathedral of San Lorenzo is very old, dating from the 11th century, although the cupola and the choir were built about the close of the fourteenth century. It is well worth visiting because of the many curiosities it contains. It is said to contain the ashes of Saint John, the Baptist, which are preserved in two silver urns. We saw what is said to be the chain that was placed around the body of Saint John,

the Baptist. We were told that no woman could enter its chapel.

After lunch our guide engaged a two-seated one-horse carriage for a drive around the city and out to the cemetery. The driver wore a silk hat with a rosette on one side of it, as was usual. We went up on the hill near by and had a view of the harbor, then we were driven to the cemetery. It is a very fine one and a visitor to Genoa cannot afford to miss it. It is considered the finest one in Italy, if not in the whole world. It lies at the northeast of the city in the valley of the Bisagno. Because of the fine works of art which it contains and its well arranged shrubberies and beautiful flowers, one is inclined to think that he is in an artistic garden rather than in a city of the dead. As a part of the cemetery and within the enclosure, is a large building containing may tombs and the most magnificent statuary. We were shown through a crematory near by the cemetery; in a room in the building were receptacles for keeping the ashes of the departed.

Education in Italy is compulsory and some of the pupils are taken to school in carriages. Some parents send their children to private kindergartens when they are only three years old. Our guide sent his little boy, who was only three and one-half years old, to one of these schools and paid about two dollars per month tuition.

While in Genoa we saw the house in which it is said that Columbus lived with his father. The Italian patriot Mazzini was born in this city. We were shown the house in which he lived for some time. His tomb is in the beautiful cemetery in Genoa, where there is a fine monument to his name.

Some of the new streets are very fine, but some of the old ones are not more than six or eight feet wide. Many of the shade trees along the streets were full of flowers. We went through the arcade. It is a long one and has many interesting shops in it. In fact, there are many very fine shops in the city. We visited several of the art stores. Many of the houses are plastered on the outside. We saw a large brick building, the walls of which were nearly completed, that was to be plastered outside. We saw several fine pictures painted in the most prominent places on the outside walls of some of the buildings. One picture in particular was so bright and pretty that I asked the guide how long ago it had been painted there, and he replied, "Fifteen or sixteen years ago." The tram car service was first class.

On Sunday morning, May 14th, we left Genoa for Rome. The railway runs along the sea much of the way to Pisa, and we went through a great many tunnels before we arrived at that place. The scenery along the way was similar to that from Nice to Genoa, but not quite so attractive.

About an hour before we reached Pisa, we passed some hills that were very white. We were told that they were composed of marble. Pisa is an enterprising little city. In passing through the town we saw the celebrated Leaning Tower as the train stopped not far from it for a short time. It is said to be one hundred and eighty feet high, and it is composed of eight stories. Notwithstanding its threatening inclination, it has stood for more than six hundred years and there seems to be no danger of its falling.

At one-thirty p. m., just after we passed through Pisa, we sat down to lunch in the dining car, where we remained one hour, and for which we gave Cook's coupons.

It might be of interest to the reader to know that this tour of Italy was provided for before we left Marseilles. We had Cook's coupons for railway fares, for hotel bills and for guides. The hotels and guides were selected for us so that the guides knew whom to look for and we knew where to go when we arrived in any of the cities visited. These coupons are very convenient when one cannot speak the language of the country visited.

About an hour or so before we reached Rome we passed through what seemed to be a farming country. On the right it slopes gently towards the sea, which at some places was quite a ways off, and on the left the hills were at some distance from the railway. We saw a great many

cattle, most of which were of a mouse color. They were quite large, with long horns, and were somewhat like the cattle we saw in Egypt. We saw quite a few sheep, some of which had just been sheared. We also saw a few horses grazing at several different places, but we saw no hogs. There were many stone fences in this section of the country and some post and flat rail fences made just as I have seen them in America. One of the prettiest sights that I saw in passing one of the little villages before we reached Rome was three little girls playing with a skipping rope. Two were swinging it and one was skipping over it. They looked neat and clean, and it reminded me of the interesting little girls in our own country.

CHAPTER XIII

ROME

WE arrived at Rome just before dark, soon found a carriage and were driven to the hotel. Rome is a wonderful city, and to see all of its important places would require two or three weeks at least. As we remained in the city but a few days, we had only time to visit some of the most important places. Our first ride around the city was to get a general view of it. We drove through the best modern streets as well as through the fashionable quarter of the old city. We saw the river and its bridge and passed St. Peter's Church.

In the afternoon we inspected some of the ruined walls, saw the aqueduct and drove outside of the city walls along the Appian Way to the stone marked "IV K," which our guide said meant that we were four kilometers from the city walls. Very little of the original Appian Way is left, but a first class modern road takes its place. While out on the Appian Way about a mile from the city walls, we visited one of the most noted catacombs of Rome. As it was a dark, dreary place, we each carried a light in making the in-

spection. It was full of narrow passages, in fact, it contained a perfect maze of corridors. It is a very old burial place and was no doubt used for that purpose shortly after the beginning of the Christian era. It is said to contain the tombs of several of the Popes who were at the head of the Church during the third century, as well as those of some other noted persons. It also contains some old inscriptions which give the investigator some idea of its age.

The Pantheon is a celebrated Temple of Rome. It was built by Agrippa, the son-in-law of Augustus, about twenty-seven years before the birth of Christ, and was formerly used as a pagan place of worship. It is circular in form with a portico and lofty columns. The walls of the Pantheon are more than twenty feet thick and the heavy bronze doors are about a foot thick. The interior is a perfect circle one hundred and forty-two feet in diameter, which is about equal to its height. There is a circular opening between twenty-five and thirty feet in diameter in the center of the dome, which furnishes light for the interior of the building. It is the oldest building in Rome that has come down to us in good condition. The portico is decorated with sixteen columns, the bases and capitals of which are of white marble and the shafts of which are single blocks of black and white granite about five feet in diameter and about forty-five feet in height. It is

said that these Corinthian capitals are "the finest that have come down to us from ancient times." The Christians for many centuries have used the Pantheon as a place of worship, and it is now known as "Santa Maria Rotunda." It is a very interesting place and well worth visiting.

It is said that Rome contains more than three hundred and fifty churches, and during our short stay there we had an opportunity to visit only a few of its most important ones. Undoubtedly St. Peter's stands at the head of the list. It is not only considered as much the finest church in Rome, but by far the most magnificent church ever constructed. The church faces the east and it is approached through a grand piazza, the buildings along which are connected by a stately colonnade consisting of nearly three hundred columns. There is a beautiful fountain not far from the church, and a short distance from the fountain and directly in front of the church is one of the most remarkable monuments of antiquity preserved in Rome. It is said to be one of two obelisks mentioned by Heroditus as having been erected by Phero. It was transported from Egypt to Rome on a vessel built for that purpose. The pillar was dedicated to Julius and Augustus Caesar and erected at a point not far from where it now stands, but in the year 1586 it was removed to its present site. Even the approach to

the church makes one feel that the place he is about to enter is much more than an ordinary one.

In calling attention to what might be considered as some architectural defects in the building, a writer has said: "In spite of all the objections that may be brought against it, St. Peter's is still the noblest structure ever reared to the worship of the Supreme Being; and the man who has not seen it can hardly form a notion of what a 'temple made with hands' may be. So many beauties does it possess in detail, and so striking is it as a whole, that we may well overlook a few fancied or even real blemishes. The interior surpasses the wildest dreams of the imagination; it is a spectacle that never tires; you may visit it every day, and always find something fresh to admire."

The length of the church is more than six hundred feet within the walls; its width is four hundred and forty-five feet and its height is four hundred and fifty-eight feet from the pavement to the cross. The chapel of the confession is under the great dome where it is said are the remains of St. Peter. Upon the four pillars and the great arches which sustain the dome, is a magnificent entablature, upon the frieze of which is the famous inscription in Latin: "Thou art Peter and upon this rock will I build my Church;

and to thee will I give the keys of the Kingdom of Heaven."

There is a large bronze chair in the church called St. Peter's and it encloses a wooden chair said to have been used by St. Peter and his successors. Among the many bronze statues here I well remember a very fine one of St. Peter. The tombs of several of the Popes as well as those of a few other persons are in this Church. Some of these tombs have fine statuary near them, among which is the tomb of Alexander the Seventh, on which the Pope is represented as kneeling surrounded by figures representing Justice, Prudence, Charity and Truth. This church also contains many fine Mosaic copies of celebrated paintings, among which is the Mosaic copy of Guido's Crucifixion of St. Peter, as well as a copy of Raphael's Transfiguration. There are several other interesting chapels in the church. There are two small chapels closed with bronze doors. In one are kept the relics of St. Peter, and in the other a marble column said to be the one against which our Savior leaned when he disputed with the doctors in the Temple at Jerusalem.

To describe all the chapels, tombs, statuary and Mosaics in this church would make these notes too long, so we will now visit St. Paul's Church.

It is built over the supposed tomb of St. Paul.

The old church which occupied this site and which was destroyed by fire in 1823, was said to be one of the grandest churches in Rome. The present building is very large, being three hundred and ninety-six feet long inside, and two hundred and twenty-two feet wide. It is quite plain. It contains four rows of granite columns to support the interior, which divide it into five naves or aisles, and this gives it a fine appearance.

This church contains Mosaic pictures of all the Popes from St. Peter to the present. Each picture is about five feet in diameter. The church contains a very fine figure of St. Peter with the keys, as well as one of St. Paul with a sword, and I well remember a very fine picture of St. Paul's conversion. The bones of St. Paul, except the head, are said to be in this church. It also contains a great many statues and pictures, as well as some ancient Mosaics.

Another one of the noted churches is St. John Lateran. It is said to have been originally built by Constantine in the precincts of his own palace. It was destroyed by fire in the fourteenth century, and a new church was built on the site of the old one. The interior of the church is divided into a nave and four aisles by rows of pilasters. At the altar of the Holy Sacrament are two bronze columns supposed to be the same that were made out of the rostra of the galley taken at the Battle of Actium. The church contains two very fine

chapels. One of them is nicely decorated with marble and gilded, and the other one, which contains the tomb of Clement the Twelfth, is exceedingly rich, its walls being copiously inlaid with precious stones. The high altar is supported by several columns of granite and marble. It is said to have been erected to receive the heads of the martyrs, St. Peter and St. Paul. Within the altar is a wooden table which it is said St. Peter used in his official capacity. In this church is also the table upon which the Last Supper is supposed to have been prepared. The table is of cedar wood. Under a portico near this church is the Scala Santa, known as the Holy Staircase. It is a marble staircase of twenty-eight steps, which tradition states belonged to Pontius Pilate's house in Jerusalem and to be the one by which Jesus ascended and descended from the judgment seat. No foot is ever allowed to touch it, and every one ascending it must do so on his knees repeating a prayer. People of all ranks ascend it in this manner, but another stairway parallel to this one makes provision for descending in the regular manner. At the top of this stairway is a very pretty Gothic chapel called Sancta Sanctorum, formerly the private chapel of the Pope. The chapel contains a Mosaic of Christ of the ninth century, and the image of our Savior kept in a silver shrine.

On the top of Janiculan Hill rises a very fine

equestrian bronze statue of Garibaldi. The pedestal supporting the statue is formed of granite blocks and is surrounded by four bronze groups; the one on the front represents the defense of Rome, 1849; the one on the right, America, with allegories of commerce and agriculture; the one on the back, the Battle of Calatafimi; and the one on the left, Europe, with allegories of history.

The finest monument in Rome, and one of the finest in the world, is an immense monument to Victor Emanuel the Second, begun in 1888 and finished in 1911, which was the fiftieth anniversary of the Kingdom of Italy. It stands in the new Venice Square, said to be one of the finest in the city.

Rome contains quite a number of fine fountains, but no doubt the Fountain Fermini, or the Fountain of the Naiads, is one of the most beautiful. It gets its modern name from the very beautiful naiads in bronze which decorate it since 1901.

On the Pincian Hill, among other fine sculpture is the fountain of Moses, situated in an open place surrounded by stately trees. It gets its name because of the statue of Moses which rises in the center. The Fountain of the Rivers is another very interesting one. It is in the Piazza Navona. In fact, there are three famous fountains in this place. One is in the center of the Piazza and constructed by Innocent Tenth, the

other two at the extremities were constructed by order of Gregory Thirteenth. In the center rises the obelisk which stood in the Circus of Romulus. The four statues placed around the central fountain represent the Ganges, the Nile, the Danube and the Rio de la Plata, and this explains why it is called the Fountain of the Rivers.

On the right bank of the river, opposite one of the fine bridges, is a large building that is said to have been ruined many times in the course of centuries. It was first called Mole Adriana in honor of the Emperor Adrian, who built it to serve as an Imperial mausoleum. In the year 1608 Boniface IV built a chapel on the top of this building and dedicated it to the Archangel Michael to solemnize the legendary appearance to Gregory I of the angel who delivered the city from the terrible plague. It was a fortress at one time and served both to defend the city and as a prison. This colossal building is now used as a very important museum of arms.

This building is made quite conspicuous by the figure of an angel on the top of the chapel, which rises above the main part of the building.

While in Rome we visited the Vatican Library. It contains many thousand manuscripts, and the number of printed volumes that it contains has been estimated at more than two hundred thousand. The library contains a great number of ancient rarities. It is one of the most interesting

places in Rome. The day that we visited the library about fifty carriages were there at one time. The Pope resides in the Vatican but no one can see him unless arrangements have been previously made.

The ruins of the Roman Forum are at the foot of Palatine Hill. All that is left of this once celebrated place is nothing but a mass of rubbish, except a few columns and some slight portions of the once noted buildings. The Senators and other officers of the government met here, and some important events took place within its walls when Rome was at the height of her glory. It was first destroyed during the latter part of the eleventh century, nearly one thousand years ago, but even now as one stands beside its ruins he is filled with awe and enthusiasm as he recalls some of the many historic scenes that took place within its walls.

The Flavian Amphitheater, known as the Coliseum, is one of the most wonderful places in Rome. It was built by slaves in the first century of the Christian era and required eight years for its construction. It was finished A. D. 80. It was a gigantic structure somewhat circular in shape. Various statements have been made as to its dimensions, but it is generally believed to have been at least five hundred and eighty-four feet long and four hundred and sixty-eight feet wide,

and the best authorities place its height at at least one hundred and seventy-five feet. Some writer has said it was so high that it almost reached the skies. The arena was very large, and it was surrounded by a wall of sufficient height to prevent the wild beasts from leaping over it. The usual exhibitions of the amphitheater which took place in the arena were combats of wild beasts with gladiators, or of gladiators with each other, and sometimes malefactors, as well as unoffending Christians, were exposed to the wild beasts. The last gladitorial combat took place at the beginning of the fifth century, but combats of wild beasts with human beings were carried on as late as the sixth century.

Although more than one-half of the original building has disappeared, it is still a wonderful structure, and upon one side, which is about its original height, can be seen the five tiers which were occupied by the spectators who were present when the combats took place in the arena. It is said that seventy-five or eighty thousand spectators could see the contests at one time. We saw some of the stone stairways for entering and leaving the building. The building could be cleared at once as these stairways are very wide. We also saw the tunnel through which they brought the wild beasts into the arena.

On May 17th we visited the National Exposi-

tion at Rome, but few of the buildings were in order when we were there and we were much disappointed.

There was quite an excitement in the city the next evening after we arrived, when the Prince of Russia and the king of Italy went to the railway station together with a few other officials. Our guide knew of the arrangement and planned for us to be at the station when the party arrived. Hundreds of people were at the station to greet them. It was a pleasing incident.

Rome is a wonderful city and we saw many interesting places while we were there, but as these notes are intended to give a short sketch of a long trip, the writer must hasten on.

CHAPTER XIV

NAPLES, FLORENCE AND VENICE

ABOUT one p. m. on May 18th we left the hotel in an automobile bus for the terminal railway station, and were soon on our way to Naples. The trip to Naples was very interesting, made so by the beautiful hills and fine valleys. These valleys, for the most part, were covered with vineyards, olive groves and grass and grain fields. At many places men and women were working in the fields with large heavy hoes, and at one place we saw an ox team plowing a sod field from which the grass had just been cut. The crops of all kinds were first class. There were some large fields of grain and hay, as well as some quite small patches.

In the last forty or fifty miles before we reached Naples, we passed more than one dozen large cart loads of hay, each one of which was drawn by a yoke of oxen. We arrived at Naples shortly after dark and went to the hotel selected for us by Cook's agency, and in the morning when we went down to the office our guide was there waiting for us. We could not get breakfast until nearly eight o'clock, after which we took a cab

for the electric station and got there just in time for the eight-thirty train for Pompeii, where we arrived in about an hour.

Pompeii is one of the two ruined cities near Mount Vesuvius, whose destruction occurred in A. D. 79. Those of my readers who have read Bulwer-Lytton's Last Days of Pompeii, will have some idea of this wonderful city that has lain in ruins for nearly nineteen centuries. It is said that Pompeii and Herculaneum were the pleasure resorts of the Roman aristocracy. I have no desire to give an account of their history, either past or present, except to say that for nearly seventeen centuries Pompeii lay hidden from view and all traces of its location were lost. Most of the excavations have been made in the past fifty years, but it is supposed that much of the city lies buried from view even at the present time.

While at Pompeii we saw workmen still engaged in uncovering portions of the ruins. As we walked the streets of this ruined city with its stone pavements, it was strange to see the deep worn tracks of the chariot wheels in the hard pavement just as they were immediately before the terrible earthquake shock and volcanic eruption that took place in the latter part of A. D. 79. We walked among these wonderful ruins for about two hours and were shown the most noted

residences, many of which contained specimens of statuary, of paintings, and of Mosaic work of the finest kind. We saw the wine cellars in which were large earthen jugs, or casks, some of which would hold at least fifty or sixty gallons. When these casks were in use, they were sunk into the ground in order to keep the wine cool.

We visited the Forum, the Baths, the Temple of Hercules, the Amphitheater, and many other interesting ruins, perhaps one hundred or more.

We finally went upon a modern balcony in order to get a view of the ruined city, and there it lay before us just as if one of our beautiful cities were sacked or destroyed and all of the rubbish were cleaned away and we could see the clean pavement, the ruined walls and the statuary that might be replaced. We had a fine view from this balcony.

From Pompeii we went to Mount Vesuvius, making the trip by tram car, carriage, cog wheel car, and cable car, but as it began to rain a little just before we reached the top of the mountain, the fog and smoke made the trip a failure. We went within six or seven hundred feet of the crater and would have gone the whole distance, but our guide said that it would be all for nothing, so my brother and I remained at the car and the rest of the party went up to the crater, but upon their return every one of them said the trip

was an absolute failure as they saw nothing on account of the rain which made the crater very dark.

While at Pompeii we met a company of twenty-four Australian Senior Cadets from New South Wales. They appeared to be from sixteen to twenty years of age. They were an interesting company of young men and were enjoying the sights immensely.

On our way from Pompeii to Mount Vesuvius, we met several very interesting tourists, among whom were a banker and his wife from Johannesburg, South Africa. She was a native of that country. He was a Scotchman by birth but had lived in Africa for twenty years. They were very social and gave us some valuable information in regard to South Africa. We met them again the next day in Naples.

Naples was founded several centuries before the Christian era. It is the largest city in Italy and one of the most densely populated cities in the world. Its area is not extensive, although it has more than a half million inhabitants. It contains some very fine public buildings and a most beautiful arcade full of the finest kind of shops, but we were most interested in the excellent museum and the fine art galleries. The museum is no doubt one of the finest and most interesting in the world. It contains many ancient works in marble, ancient coins and medals, Egyptian

antiquities and many other ancient curiosities, some of which were from Rome, but in addition to all this it contains without doubt the finest collection of curiosities from the ruins of Pompeii and Herculaneum to be found anywhere in the world. The curiosities from these two ruined cities include much statuary, many Mosaic pictures, coins and jewelry. The jewelry, consisting of rings, bracelets, chains and trinkets in gold and silver, is proof of the great ability of the ancients in this art. One is surprised to see the samples of wheat, fruits and other perishable articles which were found in these ruins and which are preserved in the museum here.

At least thirty painters were in the museum and art gallery when we were there, making copies of some of the fine paintings, and some of them were painting portraits of the fine statuary.

Most all of the heavy hauling in the city was done by heavy carts generally drawn by a yoke of cattle.

On May 21st we left Naples for Florence by way of Rome. We changed cars at Rome and continued our journey to Florence, where we arrived a little after nine p. m. The train from Naples to Rome, as well as the one from Rome to Florence, was provided with a first class dining car. We saw some fine fields of wheat, rye and grass on the way to Florence, but I suppose that the great industry in this section of Italy is wine-

making, as we passed thousands of acres of vineyards. We also saw many trees planted in squares about one rod apart and others in double rows about two rods apart one way, and still others in squares about two rods apart. These trees had almost the entire top cut off about eight or ten feet above the ground. They seemed as if they were planted for the grape vines to cling to, but an Englishman who had traveled much in Italy said that they were mulberry trees and that they were planted for the berries.

Florence is a very pretty city and by many it is considered the most beautiful city in Italy. It is situated on both sides of the River Arno, which is crossed by several fine bridges. The cathedral is the most noted building in the city. It was begun at the close of the thirteenth century and completed during the fifteenth. It is a very large church and has one of the finest fronts that I ever saw, but its interior is rather plain although it contains some fine statuary and some beautiful Mosaics.

Opposite the cathedral and facing it, is St. John's Baptistery, in the front of which are three very fine doors. The finest door of the three was placed in position about the middle of the fifteenth century, and it has in squares or separate panels in its front ten different figures from the Bible. First, the Creation of Man; second, Adam and Eve driven out of Paradise; third, Noah after the

Flood; fourth, Abraham's Sacrifice on the Mountain; fifth, Esau Selling his Birthright; sixth, Joseph and his Brothers; seventh, Moses on Mount Sinai; eighth, Joshua before Jericho; ninth, David Cutting Off Goliath's Head; tenth, the Queen of Sheba Before Solomon.

The supports of the door are ornamented with beautiful statues of prophets and sibyls and some other decorations. The artistic beauty of this door is such that Michael Angelo said it was worthy of Paradise.

We visited several other fine churches, among which was Santa Croce. This church is sometimes called the Westminster Abbey of Florence, because it is the burial place of many eminent men, among which are the tombs of Michael Angelo, Galileo, and Machiavelli. The church also contains much fine sculpture.

The city contains several fine palaces and many handsome private dwellings. It also contains many pretty squares and drives and walks. The museum and fine art galleries are well worth visiting. We saw a statue of Venus said to have been made two hundred years before Christ. The fact is, that Florence is noted because of its fine statuary and beautiful Mosaics. While in the city we visited one of the leading factories at which they were making Mosaic pictures. We saw the rough stone or marble out of which the beauti-

ful Mosaics were made, and the foreman, who was very courteous, showed us how the different colored pieces were selected and placed together so as to produce a beautiful work of art.

We learned that the lily is the emblem of Florence. Florence was the capital of the kingdom from 1865 to 1871, the seat of government being transferred there from Turin. The city has produced many illustrious men, among whom were Dante, Petrarch, Lorenzo de' Medici, Galileo, Michael Angelo, Cellini and Machiavelli.

As the hotel at which we were stopping was near the Cathedral, we visited it and admired it and the beautiful door in St. John's Baptistery several times before we left the city.

While in Florence we met a gentleman from Massachusetts whom we had met about a week before in Rome. He was well pleased with his visit there and expected to go to Venice and then make a tour of Switzerland. He was traveling without a guide, and said that he could not speak one word of any language but English.

On Tuesday afternoon, May 23rd, we left Florence for Venice. While at the station we met a young German who was going to Venice also. He was a commercial man with headquarters at Palermo, Sicily, and had been in Italy for two years. He had spent eighteen months in London, England, and spoke English very well. He could also speak Italian with ease. He proposed that

he, my brother and myself should ride in the same compartment in the car, which we did, and as we three were the only occupants of that compartment, we had an excellent visit together. He wished to know how the United States felt toward Germany, and we discussed the governmental policy of the two countries. Then he gave me an excellent outline of the Italian character, as well as some first class information in regard to Sicily and its noted volcano. He said that Florence was the cleanest and finest city in Italy. He said that the Italian in the extreme southern part of Italy gets only from twenty-five to thirty centesimi (four or five cents) per day. They do not need much clothing and they get along on that wages.

We talked religion and I made some rather radical assertions, but he agreed with me. His father was a Catholic and his mother was a Protestant, but his father allowed the children to be brought up as Protestants. We were both of the opinion that without Christianity a country would retrograde.

The trip through the Apennine Mountains was very fine. The mountains were clothed in green and there were many cascades and waterfalls along the way. At seven p. m. we went to the dining car and had a first class meal. Soon after this we crossed the River Po, the largest river of Italy. We arrived at Venice about nine-forty-

five p. m. and took a gondola for the hotel. The gondola is a rather large row boat in which, as a rule, the oarsman stands and rows with one oar. We were taken in this boat for one-half hour through the streets of this city, and finally arrived at the hotel and stepped out of the boat into the hotel office. This is a wonderful city, so wonderful that an intelligent English gentleman said of it that it was the only city that he ever saw that did not disappoint him at first sight. I cannot say that, but I can say that no other city that I ever saw produced such a pleasing and wonderful impression upon my mind as this peculiar city on the sea. There was not a tram car, wagon, horse, mule, cow or donkey in this city of about one hundred and seventy thousand souls.

You are not disturbed in your sleep by the clatter of cab men or the noise of carriage wheels. The freight is carried about the city from place to place by boat. The rich have private gondolas to go shopping or visiting with instead of a coach and horses.

One afternoon we took a gondola trip around the city, and just as we started we saw a funeral procession on boats with a great display of beautiful flowers. It was a rich banker's funeral, so our guide told us.

On this trip we passed many fine residences, and went through many small canals as well as through the whole length of the Grand Canal,

We saw where the English poet, Robert Browning, died. We also saw where Don Carlos, the pretended King of Spain, lived for twenty-five years after his banishment from that country and where he died less than one year before we passed the place. It was a plain house on the Grand Canal.

The canals, which are the streets of the city, are from fifteen to about fifty feet in width, except the Grand Canal, which is from ninety to more than one hundred feet wide, giving it the appearance of a small river. These water streets of the city are spanned by many bridges said to number more than three hundred. In fact, on our gondola trip we passed under about thirty bridges in less than two hours. Most of these bridges are not very far above the water, which places them about on a level with the entrance to the buildings.

On our gondola trip we saw in the distance the Island of St. Michael, upon which is the Cemetery of Venice. We passed several fine churches and stopped at the Jesuit Church, around the altar of which were figures of four archangels and four very fine twisted columns.

Of the many bridges under which we passed on our trip, the two most noted were the Bridge of Sighs, which connects the Ducal Palace with the prison, and the Rialto, a stone bridge over the Grand Canal. The latter was built near the close

of the sixteenth century and has only a single span of ninety feet, and it is about twenty-five feet above the water so that small steamers and freight boats can pass under it. We walked over this bridge and had a fine view of the city.

There are also two iron bridges over the Grand Canal. They are also built high enough for steamers to pass under them. This Grand Canal is the leading thoroughfare of the city and it is a very busy place.

We were very fortunate because of the excellent location of our hotel at Venice. It was within less than one block of the entrance to the celebrated Piazza or Square of St. Mark's. This Piazza presents a very fine appearance, especially in the evening. It is nearly six hundred feet long and from about two hundred to two hundred and fifty feet in width. On one side of this square stands the church of St. Mark. It is a very peculiar church, the roof of which is covered with small cupolas. Some one has said that it is very difficult to speak of its worth and of its beauties. It has many fine Mosaics on its walls, and it is supported by five hundred columns of the rarest marble. Above the doorway are four celebrated bronze horses, brought from Constantinople by the Doge Dandolo in 1204. This church was rebuilt toward the end of the eleventh century in place of one that was destroyed by fire. Additions were made to it in the fourteenth and sev-

enteenth centuries. It was erected to the honor of St. Mark, whose bones were brought from the east and deposited within it.

The Palace of the Doges is another very interesting place. It has been destroyed several times but has always been rebuilt with greater magnificence. Two sides of this palace rest upon a double row of columns, one above the other, which gives it a very fine appearance. This palace contains a number of beautiful halls. The walls and ceilings of some of these halls are really magnificent, having been painted by distinguished masters. The main stairway, called the Stairway of the Giants, is very fine and its ceiling is simply grand.

The Bridge of Sighs connects the palace with the public prisons on the opposite side of a narrow canal. The bridge was so called because the prisoners were conducted across it to hear their sentence.

When we first arrived in the city we visited the art gallery where we saw a very large picture representing the wedding feast at the house of Levi. Another one represented Christ at the marriage feast where he performed his first miracle, another the Resurrection of Lazarus, and still another representing the death of Rachel.

About the close of the fifteenth century Venice was a rich and powerful city and had an extensive commerce. Since then its power began to

decline and it lost its commercial standing. She long since lost her political importance and is now one of the interesting cities of the kingdom of Italy.

On Thursday morning, May 25th, the gondola came up to the hotel door to take us to the railway station. In going to the station we went through several small canals, and we were on and off of the Grand Canal several different times. At last we passed under the iron bridge over the Grand Canal near the station, where we left the gondola. The railway enters Venice over a bridge a little more than two miles in length. We left Venice for Genoa by way of Milan about nine o'clock in the morning.

There is a wide lagoon on each side of the railway bridge and the sight was very pretty in looking back toward the city. The train stopped at Vicenza for a few minutes and then went on to Verona, where it arrived about noon. A dining car was attached to the train at this place, and soon after leaving the city we had lunch. We arrived at Milan about three p. m. and changed cars for Genoa, going by way of Voghera.

Milan is one of the largest cities in Italy, but we could not stop there for want of time. The scenery along the way was fine as we got up into the Apennine Mountains. The train entered the big tunnel, which is about two miles in length, a

little after six p. m. and for some reason it required a trifle more than twelve minutes to pass through it. We arrived at Genoa about seven p. m.

On our way from Venice we saw them hauling hay at many places. Men, women and children were working at it. Much of the grass had been mown and raked by hand. Perhaps the large fields were mown with a mower and raked with a horse rake. On this trip we also saw many trees cut down to the height of eight or ten feet with all the limbs cut off like those mentioned heretofore and as a rule grape vines were supported by these trunks. Some of the vineyards looked very pretty.

On Friday morning, May 26th, we left Genoa for Marseilles. The car in which we rode was built on the American plan, with the corridor in the center, with the seats on each side, with high reversible backs. One-third of the car was cut off as a smoker, and the water closet was at the partition between the smoking and non-smoking compartments. This car was called second class, but I have been in many first class cars that were no better. I went through the train to see about lunch, but learned that they had discontinued that service, although we had tickets for lunch on this train. In looking through this train I learned that there were forty-one third class, twenty-one

second class and only seven first-class passengers on the train. I mean there were only seven passengers riding first class.

We arrived at Ventimiglia about two-forty p. m. and changed cars for Marseilles. Our baggage was examined by the customs officer and was opened for the first time since we arrived in Europe. We arrived at Nice about four p. m., stopped there about twenty minutes, and then left for Marseilles where we arrived at eleven p. m. The trip from Genoa to Marseilles was over the same route we traveled about two weeks before.

CHAPTER XV

FRANCE AND GERMANY.

ON May 27th we went to Cook's and bought tickets for London by way of Paris good for thirty days, then went to the United States Consulate office, got several letters, all of which had been forwarded to us from Australia. On May 28th we sent our heavy baggage direct to Charing Cross, London, where they were to keep it until our arrival, and after getting a receipt for it we left Marseilles for Paris at eight-fifty-five a. m. The train was a first class one and carried only first and second class passengers. The cars were as good as the best on most American railways, but the corridor ran along one side of the car instead of through the center, and each car was divided into compartments, each of which would accommodate eight passengers, one-half of whom would be compelled to ride backwards when all the space was occupied. Many travelers prefer to ride in that manner, even when there is plenty of room.

There were pictures and a looking glass in each compartment and the seats were well cushioned. Soon after we left Marseilles the railway

ran for many miles through the valley of the Rhone, along which were many pretty olive groves and fine vineyards. These, together with the small patches of clover, wheat, rye and garden truck, made the country look perfectly lovely. All vegetation was fresh and green and the sun never shone brighter, even in sunny France than it did on that day. I presume that there is no place in the agricultural world more artistic and beautiful than that portion of the trip from Lyons to Dijon. In fact, so neatly were the farms kept that all afternoon we seemed to be passing one beautiful garden after another with only now and then a slovenly kept place, which showed the contrast between the artistic and energetic farmer and the sluggard. There were but few of these slovenly kept places, and as I noticed one near a village I said to my brother, "That fellow lives too near town."

The train stopped only seven times on its way to Paris. It was one of the finest and most comfortable railway trips that I ever enjoyed. The train was always on time. We arrived in Paris at ten p. m. and soon took an automobile bus for the hotel. It might be of interest to the reader to say that on this trip we had Cook's railway tickets but that we selected our own hotel.

Before we arrived at Paris we saw a hotel advertised as first class, at which English was spoken. We stayed there all night, but it was a

rather shabby place and no one could speak English except one attendant who had a smattering of it. The next morning after some inquiry we selected the Hotel de Londres and de Milan, 8 Rue St Hyacinthe, which proved to be a first class one.

My brother and I called on the American Consul to get letters from home, but he said without looking that there were none. I insisted that there ought to be some letters for us and then he sent us into another room to a clerk. The clerk said he thought there were letters here, and after looking he gave us several. He was very pleasant. We spent our first day in Paris resting and reading our letters.

On May 30th we went to Cook's office near the Opera House and made arrangements for a trip to Cologne, and then up the River Rhine to Bingen and return. We then visited the Bois de Boulogne. On the way there we passed the Arc de Triomphe, some fine statues and Victor Hugo's monument. The Bois de Boulogne is a very fine park containing about two thousand acres. Many automobiles, cabs and carriages were there. I liked the park much better than I did when I was there in July of 1880. On our return from the Park we purchased tickets to attend the theater at the Grand Opera House on the evening of June 3d.

On May 31st we left Paris for Cologne about

eight a. m., and shortly after noon we stopped a short time at the enterprising city of Leige in the kingdom of Belgium, and then proceeded on to Cologne where we arrived about four p. m.

Cologne has a population of about a half million and it is one of the most interesting cities in the German Empire. It is situated on the left bank of the Rhine. It has one of the finest and most noted cathedrals in Europe. It is said that they were more than six hundred years in building it. I well remember that when I was in Cologne in 1880 that I contributed fifteen pfennig towards its completion. It is said to contain the bones of several thousand Christians who were murdered in the fifth century because of their religion. It is also said to contain the original staff carried by St. Peter, as well as the skulls of the three wise men from the East.

The river is crossed here by two first class iron bridges, as well as by a boat or pontoon bridge. The iron bridges are high enough for the shipping on the river to pass beneath them, but in order to pass the boat bridge, two, three or four sections of it are run out of the way when necessary for shipping to pass. I crossed the river at this place on a pontoon bridge more than thirty years ago when I first visited Germany.

My brother and I crossed over the Rhine on one of the iron bridges and returned by the boat bridge. The toll for crossing the river on the

bridges was two pfennig. The pfennig is the fourth part of a cent.

The next morning after our arrival at Cologne we took passage on an express steamer for Bingen. The trip was a fine one, especially so between Coblentz and Bingen. The Rhine is considered by many as being the most beautiful and picturesque river in the world. I have no hesitancy in saying that the scenery along the river, with its narrow and winding channel, between the lofty hills on either side covered with market gardens and vineyards and also upon which many ruined castles tell of troublesome times in the past, is truly magnificent. No wonder the German, and especially he who has ever seen the Rhine, is proud of his Fatherland. The German who takes a trip on the Rhine on a clear day and cannot appreciate its beauty and grandeur and whose heart is not filled with gratitude, is unworthy of his country.

The Hudson River by many is considered the Rhine of America. Several years ago when my wife and I were making a trip up the Hudson, we met a very intelligent German lady who had been on the Hudson many times and admired its beauty. She said that she thought it was as pretty as the Rhine, but that on account of the old castles and historical associations the Rhine was the more interesting.

The most beautiful part of the Rhine is

between Bohn and Bingen. Just before we arrived at Bingen, at which place we stopped for the night, we passed the famous Mouse Tower on a rock in the middle of the river.

Bingen is a town of about eight thousand inhabitants and is quite an interesting place. We visited the old castle and had a magnificent view of the town which lay at our feet and of the River Rhine and the surrounding country. While at Bingen I was reminded of that beautiful and pathetic poem written by Mrs. Norton, entitled "Bingen on the Rhine," which was a favorite of mine when a boy.

On June 2d we returned to Cologne on the local steamer Lohengrin and arrived there at six p. m., making the trip in eight hours, while it required nine hours to make the trip up-stream on an express boat that stopped only at a few of the large towns. There is an immense amount of freight traffic on the Rhine. The river is, figuratively speaking, literally covered with all kinds of steamers and freight boats. Some of the small tug boats will have from three to five large freight boats in tow all at one time on a trip either up or down the river.

In the neighborhood of Bingen and on down the river for several miles the vineyards and market gardens on the hills contributed much to the beauty of the scene. Sometimes these vineyards and market gardens occupied places where

it was almost impossible to get a foothold, and at some places even extra soil had to be placed on the rocks in order to get sufficient nourishment for the plants to grow. These scenes would seem to indicate that patience, pluck and perseverance are some of the leading characteristics of the German.

On our trip up the river we met four Americans, one getleman from Ann Arbor, one from Chicago, and a man and his wife from Salt Lake City, and returning we met a young man from Columbus, Ohio, who was well known in political circles. The gentleman from Salt Lake City was a young doctor and his wife was a very intelligent lady, having been connected with farmers' institute work in Utah. She was a Mormon but he was not a member of any church.

All of these incidents made the trip much more interesting than it would otherwise have been.

About eight o'clock on Saturday morning, June 3rd, we left Cologne for Paris, passing over the same route that we did on May 31st. The baggage of the through passengers from Paris to Cologne, or from Cologne to Paris, is not examined on entering Belgium, but only upon entering Germany or France as the case may be. When we went to Germany the customs officials were very courteous and marked the small valises

all right without much inspection, but upon entering France on our return journey the inspector was very rigid and somewhat discourteous.

There is a fine canal at St. Quentin, and we saw a great many canal boats there, some of which were towed along by mules or horses just as the canal boats in our own country were towed forty or fifty years ago.

I had a long conversation with a very intelligent German on the trip from Cologne. He said that it was impossible for any one to dodge the taxes in Germany. He also said that they had an income tax and no one could avoid it. In fact, he had a very high opinion of German perfection along that line. He said that in his opinion government ownership of railways was an excellent thing and that Germany makes money out of her railways, but he said that the fare is a little higher than it is in England where private companies own the roads. He said that the French government would like to own the railway but the companies would not sell them. He did not think that it would be a good thing for the cities to own the street cars as the workmen would make trouble for them.

We arrived in Paris at four p. m., promptly on time. The railway service between Paris and Cologne is first class.

On Saturday evening, June 3rd, we attended the play entitled Rigoletto at the Grand Opera

House, said to be the finest opera house in the world. We did not enjoy the play, but attending it gave us an excellent opportunity to see the interior of this magnificent building. It was first opened in January, 1875. It receives a subsidy from the government.

While at Paris we made arrangements through Cook's agency to visit Versailles, one of the most noted places in France. One beautiful morning about forty tourists, including my brother and myself, left Place de l' Opera in two carriages with a first class guide on the trip to that place. We went through some of the most beautiful avenues in the world. These avenues were lined with double rows of beautiful trees, and in many places fine works of art were to be seen. The finest of these beautiful avenues were no doubt Champs Elyssees and the Avenue by which we entered, the Bois de Boulogne. The drive through the beautiful park of more than two thousand acres was very fine. I was somewhat amused at our guide when we reached the race course at Longchamp. He said, "This is the best race course in France but not in the world, as there is a better one in Australia." Guides do not usually make exceptions of that kind.

On this race course every year in June the grand races take place.

Upon our arrival at Versailles, we visited the

Grand Trainon, built by Louis XIV, in one part of which are the gala carriages, historical sledges and sedan chairs. The grandest carriage in the collection was used on several important state occasions, and it is mounted with a crown and has eagles on its corners. It cost one million francs and weighs several tons.

After lunch we visited the Palace of Versailles. It was founded by Louis XIII and practically completed by Louis XIV, who made his residence here. Louis XV also resided here for some time, and the unfortunate Louis XVI made this palace his residence until he was taken to Paris in 1792, where he was executed January, 1793. While in the palace we visited the picture galleries, the apartments of Louis XIV, and several other very interesting rooms. One of the rooms in the picture galleries contains nothing but pictures relating to war, and it is called The Gallery of Battles.

The historical associations of this palace are extremely interesting, and it is hard for a person unaccustomed to such stormy times to fully realize what took place here. It is said that the late Queen Victoria visited this palace many years ago, but that she would not remain for the night but returned to Paris as she would not sleep in a room built for a mistress.

After visiting several other interesting places

at Versailles, we returned to Paris by way of St. Cloud. The park at that place, in which was situated the celebrated chateau which was burned in October, 1870, is very pretty. Shortly after leaving St. Cloud, we entered the Bois de Boulogne, and after passing through a portion of it we were soon in Paris again.

Every one was well pleased with the trip to Versailles, and it was pronounced a grand success.

One afternoon my brother and I with about twenty others left the Place de l' Opera in an automobile for a short tour of the city. We visited Madeleine Church, one of the most famous in Paris, noted for its fine statuary. We crossed the Place de la Concorde, said to be the finest open space in the city. During the Revolution the guillotine was erected at this place. From the Place de la Concorde, we entered the Avenue des Champs Elyssees mentioned on a former page, said to be the most beautiful avenue in Paris. At the top of the Champs Elyssees, the Arc de Triomphe is seen.

The Trocadero Palace was built for the Exhibition of 1878. It is an interesting place, and from its tower we had a fine view of the city and the river. Upon our tour of the city we passed the Eiffel Tower. It is constructed entirely of iron and is nine hundred and eighty-four feet in

height. We visited the Hotel des Invalides, which was founded by Louis XIV for aged veterans. This palace contains the tomb of Napoleon and it is considered one of the most interesting places in Paris. Napoleon's Tomb put me in mind of General Grant's at Riverside Park, New York. I think the tombs are somewhat alike.

On another tour of the city in carriages, we visited the Halles Centrales, or Market Houses, which contain the largest market in Paris. It was a busy place when we were there. One could buy almost anything in the provision line. They even had snails for sale. We passed the Tour St. Jacques, a fine Gothic tower now used as an observatory. We went to the Hotel de Ville. The guide said that there were at least nineteen departments in Paris and each one had a Hotel de Ville (a town hall), but this one is the central one. The Bastile was an ancient fortress and prison which was captured by the people on July 14, 1789, and which was destroyed the following year by decree of the National Assembly. It occupied the site now called the Place de la Bastile, in the center of which is the Colonne de Juillet (Column of July). This Column is about one hundred and fifty feet in height and is surmounted by a gilt figure representing Liberty.

We visited the cemetery of Pere-Lachaise, said to be the largest in Paris. It contains many

fine monuments, among which was a magnificent one to the memory of M. Thiers, the first president of the present Republic.

The cemetery has many tombs with gates in front, and on the inside are fine statuary and impressive mottoes. We saw the tomb of one of the first Rothschilds, also the tombs of many persons who had taken an active part in the government of France. The Buttes Chaumont is a beautiful park of about fifty acres, said to be the latest work of the Emperor Napoleon III. The Place de la Republique, in which is a colossal statue of the Republic, the Gardens of the Tuileries with their many statues and fountains, and the Gardens of the Luxembourg, are very interesting places.

I was very much disappointed in not having an opportunity to visit the Museum of the Louvre. It was closed the day we called and for want of time we did not call again.

The River Seine is crossed by many bridges, some of which are simply magnificent. Paris is noted for its fine streets, wide boulevards and magnificent avenues. It is interesting to observe the street traffic on some of the most popular streets. I remember in particular several lively scenes on one of the fine streets leading to the Place de l' Opera.

The street was full of fine carriages and grand

automobiles all driven at a rapid rate, and a traveler was in danger of losing his life in crossing the street unless he used the utmost caution.

To mention all the interesting places that we visited while in Paris would occupy too much space and be somewhat tedious.

CHAPTER XVI

LONDON AND VICINITY

ON June 8th we left Paris about ten a. m. and were in London long before sunset the same day. We went the Calais-Dover route, crossing the English Channel, which requires only about one and a half hours. The whole trip from Paris to London was a pleasant one. The traveler who visits Paris and London for the first time will be surprised at the contrast between these two wonderful cities. Paris is all gayety and pleasure, so to speak, and London is more staid and businesslike. Paris is beautiful and rather artistic. London is plain but substantial looking. Both cities have had wonderful historic records and have passed through some exciting scenes, but the excitement in Paris has been of a more recent date. Some terrible scenes took place there at the close of the Franco-German War of 1870, caused by the "Commune."

For many weeks before we arrived in London it was reported that we could not find rooms there because of the rush of people to attend the Coronation of King George V, but that did not worry us any as we knew that we could find a

place somewhere if we were willing to pay the price. When we arrived in London we went to the Strand Palace Hotel but were told that the rooms were all taken. I said to my brother, "You stay here in the writing room and I will hustle around and find a hotel." I stepped out, turned the first corner, entered Haxell's Family Hotel, secured a room and was back again in less than ten minutes, so my chasing around after a hotel was not very exciting. We stayed most of the time at that hotel while in London. We did not remain there, however, during the Coronation as the procession passed it and the price of each room per night for several nights was five dollars and upwards, so we secured a room for those few nights at Noon's Hotel on High Holborn for less than one-third that price.

Everything was hustle and push in London getting ready for the Coronation. Seats for viewing the procession sold at from one guinea to fifteen guineas each, and some of the best brought even more than that, a big price, as one guinea is worth a trifle more than five dollars.

We arrived in London just two weeks before the Coronation took place, and that gave us an opportunity to visit several interesting places outside of the city as well as a few of the most important ones in the city before that event occurred. On June 9th we called at Charing Cross Railroad station to get the three pieces of bag-

gage that had been sent there from Marseilles, France, on May 28th. We soon found the baggage and had to pay only one shilling (about twenty-five cents) storage on each piece.

We visited St. Paul's, which is without doubt the finest cathedral in England. A Christian church has occupied this site since the beginning of the seventh century. Old St. Paul's which was the fourth church to occupy this site, was destroyed in the great fire of London in 1666. The present church was designed by Sir Christopher Wren. It was begun in 1675 and finished in 1710 under the supervision of one architect and one builder. The crypt contains the tombs of Nelson, Wellington, Turner, Reynolds and other eminent persons. There are many fine statues and monuments in the cathedral. The monument to the Duke of Wellington is considered the finest work of its kind in England.

Soon after we reached London we called at one of Cook's offices and secured berths (by paying a deposit of two pounds each) on the Steamship Carmania of the Cunard Line, which was to sail from Liverpool to New York on July 1st. We also called at the American Consulate in New Bond Street, and Mr. Carl R. Loop, the Deputy Consul-General, gave us a letter of introduction to the secretary of the Agricultural Organization Society. The secretary of that society gave us a letter of introduction to A. D. Hall, Director of

the Rothamsted Experimental Station at Harpenden, which we expected to visit in a few days.

After lunch on June 10th we took a motor bus for London Bridge and then left for Crystal Palace to visit the Festival of Empire, which was held at that place. It was an exhibition at which Great Britain and her colonies were represented. Our neighbor Canada had an interesting and instructive exhibit there. Her agricultural and other interests were well represented, and that exhibit alone was worth going many miles to see. The artistic arrangement of the exhibit was very pleasing. There was a beautiful picture of an orchard that all stopped to admire, and some scenes representing early days and the present compared, were very pretty.

New Zealand with only about one million inhabitants and thousands of miles away had an excellent exhibit. Her wools, native flax, coal and iron, and their manufactured products were a credit to her. Some of the other colonies did not do so well, but England's exhibit was very good.

One of the most interesting occurrences that took place during the afternoon that we were at the exhibition was a Sunday School Convention held on the grand stage in the Palace. It was announced that five thousand Sunday School pupils would sing and that the grand organ would be used. It was surprising to see the perfect con-

trol that the director of ceremonies had over that vast number of singers. By a wave of the hand they would all rise without a single mishap or drawback. Each song was announced by the director holding up a large placard upon which the number was printed in large type. They made the large Palace resound with their happy voices. Most of the singers were from ten to fifteen years of age.

I need make no apology for referring to this song service for the songs of all nations have much to do with their future destiny. If the songs of a nation are grand and enobling, its future success is almost absolutely assured, but if they are low and degrading they will almost surely lead it to destruction. I think at least from eight to ten thousand persons listened to the concert.

On Sunday morning, June 11th, we attended church at the City Temple on High Holborn and listened to an excellent sermon on Sin by the Rev. R. J. Campbell, one of the most popular ministers in London. At least two thousand were present. The choir was composed of forty persons, twenty-five ladies and fifteen gentlemen, who sat in the gallery in a semi-circle in front of the organ. The ladies in the front circle and the gentlemen back of them. All of the members of the choir wore gowns of light blue, and in addition the

ladies wore white scarfs and caps with a light blue tassel. One of the songs was a poem by Whittier.

After lunch we went to Kensington Palace. It is a plain building but it contains some fine pictures as well as some interesting souvenirs. Queen Victoria was born in this palace, and it contains several interesting family pictures, one representing her marriage and one representing her as holding her first council.

We next had a stroll in Kensington Gardens and enjoyed the shade of the fine trees within its borders. We stopped to rest in the southeast corner of the garden where we admired the beauty and grandeur of Albert Memorial, one of the finest monuments in Europe, erected to the memory of the Prince Consort. The spire is one hundred and seventy-five feet high. Under a rich canopy is a fine statue of the prince. The sculptures at the four outer corners represent Europe, Asia, Africa and America. Those on the corners of the base represent agriculture, manufacturing, commerce and engineering. The base of the monument contains one hundred and sixty-nine life size statues or carved figures of some of the most famous poets, painters, sculptors, musicians, philosophers and architects of the world. From Kensington Gardens we went to Hyde Park, the most fashionable park in London. The body of water called the Serpentine is used for

bathing and rowing. A broad road through the Park to Kensington is called Rotten Row and is a fashionable resort for equestrians of both sexes.

There are several other fine roads through the park. The scene in the famous Rotten Row, where many of the nobility and gentry are to be seen on a fine afternoon driving or riding on horseback, is one of the most interesting sights of London.

Regent's Park of four hundred and seventy acres is another one of the interesting places in London. It is nicely laid out and has an extensive artificial lake within its borders.

The Zoological Gardens occupy a portion of this Park, and are said to contain three thousand animals, which is supposed to be the largest collection in the world. When I visited the Gardens in 1880, I thought I would never see the like again, but they are much finer now than they were at that time.

More than thirty years ago Madame Tussaud's Exhibition of Wax Work was one of the most noted places in London but it is not so popular now as formerly. This exhibition consists chiefly of wax figures of eminent persons, including the kings and queens of England, and some relics that once belonged to those celebrated characters. There is a group of seven or eight of the presidents of the United States, among which were fine figures of Mr. Lincoln, Andrew Johnson,

Cleveland and Roosevelt, and of the many other figures we noticed in particular one of the king and queen of England, the emperor and empress of Germany, Ellen Terry, Henry Irving, Queen Alexandria and a group of four suffragettes.

A room attached to this exhibition and forming a part of it is called the Chamber of Horrors. It contains wax figures of some of the great criminals. In that room we saw an opium den. I suppose it was real. It was horrible enough at any rate. But of all the sad scenes in the Chamber of Horrors, the saddest was one representing the six stages of wrong: First, temptation; second, end of the game; third, ruin; fourth, revenge; fifth, guilty or not guilty; sixth, his last journey.

We walked around about these criminals for a short time only and then returned to the department representing pleasanter scenes.

June 13th we visited Rothamsted Experimental Station at Harpenden. Upon our arrival we presented our letter of introduction received a few days before. Director Hall was very courteous and requested the foreman in the chemical department to show us over the farm. The farm is not all in one body as suitable land was taken for experiments whether it joined the rest or not. We visited the root, grass and grain fields, which were divided into many different plots, and noticed the marked difference in some of them which

was produced by the different treatment that each received. The hay field with its many different plots was very interesting. It was really surprising to see what different results were produced by the different kind of treatment each plot received. One plot had more weeds than an adjoining one, or more clover, or more rye grass, and so on, all brought about by the use of different fertilizers.

We next visited the wheat fields including the Broadbalk Field, said to be the most noted wheat field in the world. That field contains about eleven acres and slopes gently to the east. Each one of the plots is three hundred and fifty-one yards long and about seven yards wide and contains one-half acre. The different plots are separated by paths which are not cropped. The soil is a stiff, grayish loam containing many flints. The natural drainage is very good, but in addition to that each plot has a tile drain running down through the center at a depth of from two to two and one-half feet. All of the drains empty into a brick trench so arranged that the water from each plot can be separately collected for analysis. The weeds are removed and the land is plowed five or six inches deep soon after harvest. The chief difficulty in growing wheat after wheat continuously is in keeping the land clean.

Director Hall, in his book entitled Rothamsted

Experiments, says: "The general scheme of the experiments in the Broadbalk Field has been to test the manurial requirements of wheat by growing it continuously with various combinations of manures repeated year after year on the same plots."

With this end in view, the experiments on Broadbalk Field have been carried on since 1843, with some very interesting results. For the first eight years the manner of manuring was somewhat varied but since 1852 wheat has been grown in the same manner on the same plots year after year and the average during the past sixty years has been thirty-five bushels per acre on the plot that received farmyard manure, and on plot number eight that received Treble Ammonium-Salts and Minerals the yield was thirty-six per acre. Of the fifteen other plots none reached these yields and some of the yields were quite low.

The plot without any manure whatever yielded an average of thirteen bushels per acre during the first fifty years but for the ten years following the average was so low as to cut the yield for the past sixty years down to twelve and one-half bushels per acre.

Director Hall gave me a letter of introduction to a prominent farmer in Essex, as well as one to Professor Wood, School of Agriculture at Cambridge, and then we returned to London.

On June 14th we went to Cambridge in order

to visit the School of Ariculture at that place. It was a busy day as the University was conferring honorary degrees upon some colonial delegates. While in Cambridge we visited several of the colleges connected with the University. We were in King's Chapel, King's College. It was odd but pretty. We visited several of the open courts connected with the different colleges. They were rather interesting, but the finest one that we saw was the Old Court at Corpus Christi College. At that court many beautiful vines and flowers lined the walls of the buildings that surrounded its four sides. The University is composed of twenty colleges, which in a measure are independent of one another. There is, however, a general supervision over the whole by a body called the Senate. When we left the group of colleges, many people were meeting at the place called the Senate, near King's College, in order to be present at the conferring of the degrees. The officials of the University wore gowns and other insignia emblematic of their different positions. It was a pretty sight. Because of previous arrangements Professor Wood of the Agricultural College was compelled to attend the exercises at the Senate, but he made arrangements for Professor McKenzie to take us to the experiment farm two miles away.

We left Cambridge for the farm in an automobile, passing on the way in leaving the city

several of the different colleges composing the University. We were soon at the farm and were shown a fine herd of shorthorn cows. They were just milking them and straining the milk by putting a fine cloth over the strainer in order to prevent any filth getting into it. Several of the cows were prize winners. One of the cows was rather famous as it had produced three prize-winning calves in succession. We saw one of her calves. It was a dark red one, fourteen months old. When it was three days old they refused thirty pounds (one hundred and fifty dollars) for it. It was a fine calf, and Professor McKenzie said he would not take two hundred pounds for it.

They had some very fine Yorkshire hogs and several first class Clydesdale mares. We visited this farm, however, to see the wheat breeding plots. These plots were very small and screened to keep the birds out of them, as they interfere with the breeding process. Some of the wheat was in bloom and we were shown just what was done to make some of it rust-proof. They were experimenting with alfalfa and other crops, but the different plots were not screened as the birds did not seem to bother them much.

We saw a very fine potato field containing about ten acres, from which three hundred pounds' worth of potatoes was sold in 1910. The farmer who owned the land a few years previous to this time could not raise potatoes for sale as

he could not compete with the potatoes raised on black lands, but by judicious management potatoes are now produced at a large profit. We saw a field of rust-proof wheat that looked as if it would produce from forty to forty-five bushels per acre. In fact, wheat on the best farms often yields that amount per acre.

Before we left the farm we saw some fine sheep. Merino bucks are crossed with coarse-wool breeds and produce good results.

After spending an interesting day at Cambridge and its experiment farm, we returned to London. On the way to Cambridge from London we passed Paul's fine nurseries. We saw them making hay at many places. It was a light crop on account of the drought.

June 15th we called at the Consulate office and went to the post office, and then went to High Holborn and engaged a room for June 21st and 22d. After lunch we left London for Trent by way of Leicester. We arrived at Trent station about four p. m. and then walked to Long Eaton, about one mile away, and stopped at the Royal Hotel. While in Long Eaton we visited some friends who had been in America, as well as others that I met when I was in Long Eaton in 1880.

Long Eaton is a prosperous town about six or seven miles from Nottingham. Its principal industry is lace making. In 1880 its population

was only about seven thousand, but now it has a population of at least twenty thousand. It is a prosperous place and has the reputation of having more freeholders in proportion to its population than any other place in England.

About eight o'clock Saturday morning, June 17th, we left Long Eaton for Nottingham, and when we arrived there changed cars for Skegness, a seaside resort in Lincolnshire. As tickets were sold at reduced rates, the train was crowded all the way. There was no corridor in the cars on this train and each compartment could be entered only from the outside of the car. The compartment in which we rode had ten passengers, two of whom were school mistresses from Nottingham.

We arrived at Skegness about noon. When I was at Skegness in 1876 there were only a few houses and two small hotels in the place. Now it is a very pretty town, or as we would say a small city, with wide streets and many fine apartment houses. The town contains some fine stores. The beach at this place is so smooth and the water so shallow for a long ways out that it is an ideal bathing place for children. An English gentleman said to me "They get tired before they are drowned."

About the middle of the afternoon we left Skegness for Spilsby, the birthplace of Sir John Franklin. Upon our arrival there we secured a

room at the George Hotel and then left for Partney, a small village about one and a half miles away. We went across the fields on the foot path. We soon found our cousins, who lived in the same house their father had lived in for more than fifty years and where my cousin George was born nearly seventy years before. We had lunch at Partney and then returned to Spilsby. We saw some very fine cattle in going to Partney and returning.

While Spilsby is only an ordinary market town of Lincolnshire, yet a short description of it and its surroundings may be of interest to the general reader. The village contains about fifteen hundred inhabitants and is situated in a good farming and grazing country north of Boston and not far from the seacoast. Its only railway is a branch which leaves the main line from London to Hull at Firsby, and to which place several trips back and forth are made daily. While it might be called one of the quiet little country towns of England, its inhabitants have opportunity to come into contact with the rest of the world if they so desire. It is less than an hour's ride from Skegness, one of the most noted seaside resorts in England, and Boston and Hull are not far away. The Church of England and the Wesleyan Methodist are the two leading religious organizations of the town. The latter organization has a first class chapel and Sunday school room.

This organization employs two ministers to officiate at the chapel, and it has two good parsonages. The Sunday school room was provided with a harmonium. It also contains a piano, which was not used because of some prejudice against it. There was a fine pipe organ in the chapel.

My brother and I attended Sunday school in the room adjoining the chapel. Only about fifty pupils were present, most of them quite small children. Not more than three or four young men and about the same number of young women were in attendance. Nearly all the Sunday school pupils went to the adjoining room in the chapel and remained for the sermon. The superintendent of the Sunday school had held the position since 1884. The sermon at the chapel was quite good, but lifeless, as it was read without any enthusiasm.

The Wesleyan Methodist organization is the largest Methodist organization in England. It differs from the Methodist Episcopal Church in America in this particular: It has no bishops.

In the afternoon we attended the Church of England and heard a very good sermon delivered to a rather small congregation.

On Monday, June 19th, we visited the public market and saw hogs, sheep, cattle and horses for sale. The auctioneer was quite an old man and urged the bystanders to bid by saying and repeating, "Bid what you like." We were at the

market place long before the sale began and left after several sales were made because of other arrangements.

At the beginning of the last century, there were more than five hundred and fifty market towns in England, most of which had only one market day during each week. Some of the important towns, however, would have two or three market days each week, and as a matter of course every day was market day in London. More than a century ago Lincolnshire had twenty-five market towns, only three of which had two market days a week. Each of the others had only one. The market day might be any day of the week except Sunday. For more than a century the market day at Spilsby has been Monday. When I was in the town in 1876 I first saw the monument erected to the memory of Sir John Franklin and copied the following in my note book at that time:

"Sir John Franklin
Discoverer of the Northern Passage
Born at Spilsby, April 1786,
Died in the Arctic Regions,
June, 1847"

We visited Partney again before we left Spilsby, but as it was somewhat rainy we went by the road and not on the footpath through the fields. The road was built of very hard stone

(granite) and there was not a rut or bad place in it. There were several piles of stone along the way, which no doubt were used for repairing the road when necessary. This used to be the main thoroughfare from London to Hull before the advent of the railway. Short heavy mile-posts along the way indicate the distance from London, as well as the distance from one town to the next. One of these mile-posts shows that Spilsby is one hundred and thirty-three miles from London.

Partney contains a Church of England place of worship, as well as a Methodist chapel.

We left Spilsby for Boston to visit some friends, and after lunch we visited Boston Church, known as St. Botolph's Church. It is a large, handsome Gothic structure, with a very high tower.

Boston, Massachusetts, was founded by English immigrants in 1630 and got its name from this ancient town from the fact that some of the leading settlers came from this place. Soon after the American town was founded the Reverend John Cotton, who was a Vicar in this church in 1633 and whose pulpit we saw, left here to help make a greater Boston in America.

We returned to London on the evening of June 20th, and the next day visited some of the most interesting parts of the city and were surprised to see how nicely it had been decorated in our absence. Near Westminster Abbey we met

an old gentleman who had lived in London for fifty years. He was on his way to attend a musical entertainment at Hyde Park but instead gave it up to show us around the city. He was one of the kindest men I ever met.

We had a fine outside view of Westminster Abbey and the Houses of Parliament, but because of arrangements being made for the Coronation we could not enter either of those places. I had visited both of them many years ago, and they were so interesting that I had a desire to see them again.

Westminster bridge is one of the many fine bridges across the Thames. It is a handsome bridge and crosses the river near the Houses of Parliament. It is eleven hundred and sixty feet long and seventy-five feet wide, fifteen feet of which on each side is used by foot passengers, leaving a roadway forty-five feet wide.

Waterloo Bridge is said to be one of the most magnificent bridges in the world. It is thirteen hundred and eighty feet long, and was opened in 1817 on the second anniversary of the Battle of Waterloo.

London Bridge is no doubt one of the most noted bridges. It was opened in 1831. It is regarded as one of the finest granite bridges in the world. It cost, with its approaches, two million pounds, and a few years ago it was enlarged at a cost of one hundred thousand pounds to give

more space for foot passengers. More traffic passes over it than over any other bridge in London.

One of the most interesting places in London is the Victoria Embankment along the north side of the Thames. It extends from Westminster Bridge to Blackfriars Bridge, a distance of about one and a quarter miles. It was a gigantic undertaking at the time it was proposed, and its total cost when completed was about two million pounds. It was formally opened in July, 1870, by the Prince of Wales, who afterward became Edward VII. By means of a wall of the finest Aberdeen granite, which extends the whole length of the embankment, an area of about thirty-five or forty acres has been recovered from the river, and a place that was once unsightly is now a thing of beauty. There is a splendid carriage way along the Embankment with a fine foot path on each side. Along this carriage way are fine shade trees, and about ten acres of the land reclaimed from the river has been laid out as ornamental gardens and divided into three sections, known as Whitehall, Villiers and Temple. These three sections of the Victoria Embankment, because of their central position, have been chosen as the site of a large number of statues. Because of their convenient position they are visited by a great many people, and the numerous seats are seldom empty when the weather is fine. Cleo-

patra's Needle was brought from Egypt in 1878 and erected on the Victoria Embankment not far from Waterloo Bridge. The obelisk is about sixty-nine feet high and weighs one hundred and eighty tons. According to the inscription upon it, it was erected at Heliopolis in Egypt about fifteen hundred years before Christ.

In and near Whitehall, not far from the Embankment, are the government offices, comprising the foreign, home, colonial and Indian departments. Near the Admiralty at the Whitehall entrance to St. James's Park, are two mounted sentinels on duty. They are known as the Horse Guards.

Buckingham Palace faces St. James's Park. Queen Victoria chose it as her town residence in 1857, and since then it has been used as a royal residence.

The Victoria National Memorial is in front of this palace. The striking feature of the Memorial is a statue of the queen in robes of state seated on a throne.

London has many narrow and crooked streets, except in the newer parts where they are wider and better arranged. In some of the older parts of the city many buildings have been torn down for the purpose of straightening and widening the streets. The whole city, however, is connected by several trunk lines of streets, so to speak, so that it is comparatively easy for a stranger to

find his way from one section to another. Some of the important streets east and west are Picadilly and Pall Mall, Oxford Street and its continuations, High Holborn, Holborn Viaduct and Cheapside, the Strand and its continuation, Fleet Street.

There are also some first class streets running north and south, of which Regent Street is perhaps the finest.

During the afternoon and evening before the Coronation took place, the main thoroughfares were literally packed with people. About the middle of the afternoon we went to the Strand and took a bus for Liverpool Street. It was almost impossible to get through the streets, and when we left the bus at one of the cross streets there was a perfect jam. The people on the streets and those on the buses were cheering one another and having great sport. Two or three policemen were untangling the blockade and opening a passageway so that we could move on. Several of the passengers right in front of the police cheered the people on the buses, but the policemen were good natured, smiled and motioned for us to pass on. I am sure the police enjoyed the sport as well as the people on the street, but as a matter of course they could not take part in it.

We called at the American Consulate office in New Bond Street and then returned to the hotel.

CHAPTER XVII

THE CORONATION, NORWICH AND LIVERPOOL.

I AROSE at four-thirty on Coronation Day, June 22d; after doing some writing I called my brother. We had an early breakfast and left the hotel a little before seven. We went direct to Trafalgar Square and then through it into Cockspur Street to Pall Mall and got a fine position not far from Haymarket. Almost in front of us but a little to our right on the same side of the street in an open space, a mounted band furnished some excellent music at intervals during the day. Sometimes when the band played some of the spectators would hum a song. Fine decorations were all around the place from which we viewed the procession. Directly in front of us on the opposite side of the street was the office of the Farmers' Loan and Trust Company of New York, and to the left of that office was Thomas Cook & Son's office with many seats but not very good ones; and on the right of the Farmers' Loan Office were the offices of the Grand Trunk Railway of Canada. On the decorations, or rather part of them, was the word CANADA in large letters. Below the Farmers'

Loan Office, which occupied the second story of the building, was the German-American Steamship Company's office. The Farmers' Loan Office was nicely decorated with English and American flags. On our left just beyond the mounted band, was a large building in which were the offices of the White Star Steamship Company. In the windows facing us were some fine American and English flags, and on the top of the building were several large British flags with a still larger American flag in the center waving proudly in the breeze.

Not far from us were crowns upon poles entwined with wreathes and vines made out of paper but so perfect as to look natural. Red, white and blue were the colors in view everywhere. The whole city, especially on the line of march, was decorated in a similar manner, but at some other places the decorations were on a more magnificent scale. I think the reader will pardon me for wearing on this occasion a red, white and blue rosette with the letters, G. R. in the center.

Long before noon there was an immense jam almost everywhere along the streets through which the procession was to pass on its return to the palace. It was composed of all classes of people, but they all seemed jolly and good natured. It was one of the most democratic assemblages of people that I ever saw. They did not seem like

subjects of a kingdom but like citizens of a great republic.

The crowning of the king took place in Westminster Abbey shortly after noon, and it was a little after two p. m. when the head of the procession arrived at Pall Mall near Haymarket. An adequate description of the procession is an impossibility. Words cannot do justice to its beauty and magnificence. Not only the British Empire, but almost the entire world, was represented in it. The spectators showed their appreciation of the grand and gorgeous display by their enthusiastic and long continued cheering, in which I must confess I took some part. As a matter of course, when the carriage of the king and queen approached the enthusiasm was at its height. The Indian Cavalry was without doubt one of the most striking parts of the procession. It was composed of strong, stalwart men from India. Their fine turbans about their heads and their rich and gorgeous uniforms attracted the attention of the boys among the spectators "who cheered this glittering calcavade with all the abandon of youth," and the boys of a larger growth admired their erect and independent carriage which seemed to say as they rode along in the procession, "We are proud to be citizens of this the greatest and most powerful kingdom on earth." In fact, every one admired the fine ap-

pearance of the Indian Cavalry, and they were enthusiastically cheered.

The German Emperor was represented by his oldest son, who was accompanied by the Crown Princess. They were very popular and were heartily cheered.

A mounted band in the procession attracted a great deal of attention. The drummer had two drums fastened one on each side of his horse. I was amused to see the seemingly careless manner in which he beat them. It required about one hour for the procession to pass. It was a success from beginning to end and will long be remembered by those who saw it.

It rained a little at intervals in the morning but not enough to mar the festivities.

Every one spoke in praise of the London police. The members of which are noted for their patience, kindness, tact and efficiency. It seems, however, to me that a London crowd is never in a hurry and that has a tendency to make it better natured and more orderly than the gatherings in most other cities of the world.

As a matter of course, every one who goes to London should visit the British Museum. It contains the choicest objects belonging to every department of knowledge, among which are many fine collections of antiquity. The library in the museum is said to be the largest in the world. The reading room is very fine and will accommo-

date more than three hundred readers. As I walked through the aisles of some of the Egyptian rooms about the mummies and mummy cases, some of which were more than four thousand years old, I thought of that "Anonymous Address to a Mummy" that I read in my boyhood days. Two lines of it ran as follows:

"And thou hast walked about, (how strange a story!)
In Thebes's streets, three thousand years ago,"

Since that poem was written, mummies have been found of persons who lived nearly six thousand years ago. By investigation and study, almost the exact age of most of the mummies can be determined. In one of the Egyptian rooms were mummies of some of the sacred animals. After death, they were emblamed and deposited in tombs or pits.

The Egyptian antiquities include vases, jewelry, furniture, combs and many other articles, all of which date back to from fifteen hundred to twenty-five hundred years before Christ. I suppose there are more Egyptian antiquities in the British museum than at any other place in the world. The manuscript department is very interesting, as it contains many old manuscripts and rare autographs. In this department is the original charter known as Magna Charta, forced from King John by the barons in 1215. The Charter closes with these words: "given by our

hand in the meadow which is called Ronimede between Windlesor (Windsor) and Stanes on the 15th day of June in the 17th year of our reign (1215)." This charter was never signed by the king but he affixed the great seal to it. Signatures were not common at that time and the great seal was sufficient to make the document valid. We saw Shakespeare's signature to a mortgage, also John Milton's signature to a contract for the sale of the manuscript of Paradise Lost. As Milton was blind at the time, perhaps his signature was written by an amanuensis.

The National Gallery on the north side of Trafalgar Square contains more than a thousand pictures of some of the best British, French, Dutch, Italian and other first class artists.

During our short visit at the Gallery, I made note of a few of the most interesting pictures. Many of them represent Biblical scenes and characters. I noted one or two very fine pictures of the Holy Family, as well as several of the Virgin and Child. The Martyrdom of St. Sebastian, painted in Florence in 1475 by Antonio Pollainolo, was very interesting.

A very pleasing incident occurred during our visit at the Gallery. We were surprised to meet Reverend Knox of Sydney, Australia, who was a fellow passenger on the steamer India from Adelaide, South Australia, to Port Said, where we

left the steamer on April 9th. It is needless to say that we had a fine visit.

Sunday morning, June 25th, I was down on the street about six o'clock and had quite an interesting conversation with a policeman. After making some inquiries in regard to places of worship he said, "Why not go and hear Mr. Campbell at the City Temple? More people inquire for that church than any other." He also said that Mr. Campbell had been offered an enormous salary to go to America, but he refused to go as he thought he could do more good in London. I told him that my brother and I had heard Mr. Campbell, and he then said that it would be interesting to attend services at the Foundling Church at Guilford Place not far away and gave me excellent instructions how to reach it. I then spoke of the Coronation, the Indian Cavalry and the London police, and in regard to the police he said, "We never know whom we are likely to meet. A shabbily dressed man may be a better one than a man with a silk hat and fine clothes, so we treat every one alike. A policeman may be talking with a plainly dressed person and after a while the person will ask, 'How do you like your work?' and other similar questions, after which he will make himself known, and it will be found that he is one of the inspectors of the force from another district and he takes this method

of finding out whether the men on the force are satisfied with their positions and whether they are competent and efficient officers."

In speaking of the Indian cavalry, he said that they were the Bengal Lancers, that it was the best regiment in the world, that they were fine riders, and that if we would go to Guildhall the coming week we could see them ride again. He inquired about Australia and thought that he would like to go there if he were a single man. He said that he had worked on a Peninsular and Oriental boat and that it was held up and searched on the Red Sea by the Russians during the Russian and Japanese War, but that that affair cost the Russians thousands and thousands of pounds. I spoke of cheering the king, the soldiers and the Germans, and he said, "We cheer every one." He told of a meeting at which some Americans were present and said they were all enthusiastically cheered by the English.

After having visited England on three different occasions, I feel absolutely certain that the great mass of her people have a kindly feeling toward our country. They say that it is hard to get rid of first impressions, and that may in a measure account for my high opinion of the London police. When I visited England in 1876 I thought that it was composed of the finest lot of men that I ever saw. They looked so strong, so robust and so manly, that I fell in love with them,

and I still have a high opinion of them, but here is a good place to say that the police everywhere have always treated me well.

The members of the police force never seemed too busy to perform acts of kindness. I will relate one of the many acts of kindness which came under my personal notice. At the Mansion House on one of the nights of the illuminations, a mother with her small child was so packed in that immense crowd that it was impossible for her to move. A policeman found her and placing her child high upon his shoulder said to the mother, "Follow me." He soon had her and her child out of that immense throng in a place of safety. He did not say, as we sometimes hear said, "What are you doing here with your child?" but he kindly helped her out of her trouble.

We attended services at the chapel connected with the Foundling Hospital at Guilford Place, as suggested by the policeman. We arrived at the chapel about fifteen minutes before the services began. All of the children were in their places. They sat in the gallery, the boys on one side of the organ and the girls on the other. There must have been at least three hundred of these children, about one-half of whom were girls. The music was fine and the services were interesting.

After the services closed the visitors were shown through the Home. We visited the girls' dining room when they were at dinner, and I

never saw a cleaner and healthier lot of children in my life. They were intelligent and good looking. This hospital was founded by Captain Thomas Coram in 1739 for deserted children. "Now, however, to entitle children to admission their mother must be known."

On Monday, June 26th, we visited the Tower of London. It is a rather interesting though dreary place. It consists of a collection of buildings covering about twelve acres on the north side of the Thames. It has been used as a palace, a fortress and a prison. It was founded by William the Conqueror to secure his authority over the inhabitants of London. The mere mention of its name recalls some of the most stirring events in English history. The central keep, known as the White Tower, is ninety-two feet high, and its external walls are fifteen feet thick. Many eminent persons have been confined within the cells of this tower. Anne Boleyn, Lady Jane Grey and Sir Walter Raleigh were but a few of the many who met their fate here more or less unjustly.

The Tower has been the depository of the national arms from the time of its erection, and within its armories are many interesting specimens of armor and of weapons. The Horse Armory has many equestrian statues of English kings and knights clothed in armor representing the different periods of English warfare. In the time of Edward III, it is said that armor became so

splendid and costly that knights were not taken prisoners but were killed for their coat of mail. It is also said that the heft of the armor in Queen Mary's reign was so great that knights used to faint because of its enormous weight, and when unhorsed they could not rise again.

In Queen Elizabeth's armory are some strange and interesting instruments of warfare, such as pikes, battleaxes, swords and other brutal and rude instruments. Some of these old warriors wore only helmets and breastplates, while others were clad in a full coat of mail made so as to give the wearer opportunity to move his body.

As one walks through the aisles and galleries of the rooms in which are stored all of these old and discarded methods of protection and warfare, he will see that even in the method of killing people there has been some improvement, and if warfare must be carried on it can be made more efficient and less brutal than formerly.

It was a rainy, raw, chilly day, and not a very good one to visit dungeons. We went from the Tower to the Tower Bridge, a new one across the Thames just below London Bridge, and then we visited some of the fine book shops in and about Paternoster Row, the book section of London.

June 27th, after making arrangements through Thomas Cook and Son to have our heavy baggage sent to Liverpool and placed in our stateroom on board the steamer Carmania

of the Cunard Line, we left for the Royal Agricultural Show at Norwich. We arrived at Norwich shortly after noon, and found the city finely decorated in honor of the king, who was intending to visit the show on the next day. The Cathedral at Norwich was quite interesting, and like most cathedrals in England, it has a history of many years back of it. Its foundation stone was laid in 1094 by the first Bishop of Norwich. The Cathedral as it now stands dates from the early part of the fifteenth century, but during the civil wars of the seventeenth century it was partly sacked by fanatics who destroyed the windows, tablets, tombs and altar plate. The castle around which some warlike scenes took place some years ago, is now used to house the splendid museum of which Norwich is justly proud.

On the 28th we visited the Royal Show. It was only a short distance from Norwich, and as we arrived early we had an excellent opportunity to inspect the live stock. There was an excellent exhibit of horses, cattle, sheep and hogs, as well as farm implements and many other things. The Shire, the Clydesdale and the Suffox are the leading English draft horses. The shire is the heaviest breed, and the Clydesdale is the most active, while the Suffox is the most compactly built. The Suffox is of a chestnut color. It is one of the most popular draft horses in Australia. There were also on exhibition some fine horses for

hunting, riding and driving purposes, as well as some very small and pretty Shetland and Welsh ponies.

The cattle department was represented by eighteen or twenty distinct breeds. The Shorthorn, Hereford, Aberdeen, Angus, Sussex and South Devon were the most popular beef breeds, and of the milk and butter breeds the Jersey, Guernsey, Kerry and Ayrshire easily took the lead. The so-called dual purpose cow has many friends in England.

The sheep department was equally interesting. We were surprised to learn from the official catalogue that there were more than seven hundred entries in that department, representing twenty-five distinct breeds. The Oxford Down, Thropshire, Hampshire Down, Suffox, Dorset Horn, Lincoln, Border Leicester, Kent or Romney Marsh, and Cotswold, were some of the leading breeds on exhibition, and no doubt some of the breeds not mentioned were equally as good as these. The Lincoln breed of sheep are very large and are said to be excellent wool producers. Rams of this breed have been sent in large numbers annually to Argentina. The Border Leicester and Kent or Romney Marsh are said to be very popular in New Zealand. The Thropshire, South Down and Cotswold and several other of the English breeds are great favorites in some parts of the United States. The Dorset Horn is consid-

ered a good breed as it will produce lambs at almost all seasons of the year. It is the only breed in England that can be bred twice a year.

There were some very fine hogs at the show, representing five or six different breeds. The poultry exhibit numbered more than twelve hundred, mostly chickens. There were very few ducks, geese or turkeys entered.

In 1886 when the Show was at Norwich the last time previous to this, there were only one hundred and ninety-two entrances in the poultry department. The entrance at this Show represented twenty different breeds. The Orpingtons were the most popular and stood at the head of the list, having two hundred and fifty-three entries. Next were the Wyandottes, with two hundred and twenty-one entries. The Plymouth Rocks were quite popular, with eighty-two entries.

The butter making competition, in which there were more than seventy competitors, and the horse shoeing exhibition, containing more than forty competitors, were intersting features of the Show. The display of dairy products was very fine.

Another one of the interesting features of the Show was the jumping competitions. There must have been ten or fifteen entries in the competition the day we were present. The race course was obstructed by gates, fences, hedges, a pool

of water and a wall. There was perhaps a total of eight or ten of these obstructions, some of which were at least four feet high. The competitors in the jumping contest were compelled to take the fences and other obstructions at a fair hunting pace. In case of refusing or bolting at any one obstruction, the horse was allowed two more trials at the same fence or obstruction in that round. Some of the jumping was very fine, but as a whole I did not think the jumping was very good, as too many of the horses would knock down the barriers, and now and then one of the horses would bolt.

The king entered the Show in the afternoon just before the jumping competitions took place. We had an excellent opportunity to see him as we were right in the route taken by his carriage and had to step back to let it pass. He and three other gentlemen were in the same carriage. He was dressed in plain clothes and removed his hat when the crowd began to cheer him. The king strikes me as not being what would be called in America a shrewd politician, but rather as a plain, fine, good looking, domestic man. I liked his appearance very much. Queen Mary is very popular, and the English people love her because of her fine Christian character.

On one occasion when we visited the Festival of Empire at the White City, we attended the Maori performance. There was a fine introduct-

ory by the whole company, and then an address of welcome, after which there was dancing and then several songs, followed by a hand and arm exercise, then a fierce war dance and several songs, all of which was quite interesting.

The Coronation exercises continued for one week following the crowning of the king and queen at Westminster Abbey on June 22d, and were brought to a close at the Thanksgiving services at St. Paul's Cathedral on June 29th.

The Daily Telegraph, London, June 30th, 1911, said: "It would be tedious to recount the names of the well known men who were yesterday gathered together in St. Paul's, but as one watched the crowd, five among them seemed, even in that tense imperial atmosphere, to bear upon their shoulders a heavier weight of representation than all the others." These five were Mr. Asquith, Mr. Balfour, Lord Roseberry, Sir Wilfred Laurier and Mr. Whitelaw Reid. After commenting briefly upon the other four, it had this among other things to say in regard to Mr. Reid, who was the American ambassador at that time: "Now it is the plain fact that to Mr. Reid more than to any other living man is due the splendid but silent boast that the word 'foreigner' continues to have no meaning whatever as applied between his countrymen and ourselves. Nay, more, we doubt whether there was a more sincere man in all the congregation that met

yesterday to return thanks for the successful consecration of the new British sovereign." As an American, I was pleased to read such a grand tribute to one of our leading citizens.

On the evening of the 29th we went to the Mansion House to see the splendid illuminations that took place there. The illuminations were simply magnificent. There was such a jam of people on the street that the omnibuses and tram cars could not be used and people had to go on foot to reach the place.

On June 30th we left London for Liverpool. We passed through Leicester, Manchester and Warrington, and saw the famous ship canal through which medium sized ocean steamers can approach the city of Manchester. The canal is thirty-five miles long, considerably more than a hundred feet wide and twenty-six feet deep.

In going to Liverpool we passed through some good farming and grazing country, and saw some neat stone fences between Leicester and Manchester.

There had been a dockers' strike at Hull and other labor troubles affecting shipping in different parts of England for some time before our arrival at Liverpool, but when we arrived at that city we learned that the strike had spread to all the great Atlantic lines and that no one could tell when any of them would leave for America. After some investigation, I found that our bag-

gage sent from London several days ago had arrived and that it would be placed on the steamer as requested. We called at Cook's as well as at the Cunard steamship company's office, but got very little information in regard to the strike. At the latter place, we were requested to call again in the morning.

On July 1st we called at the Cunard office as requested, and learned that the strike affected that line as reported, but the agent felt sure that the Cunard steamer Carmania would leave on time as that company was not much involved in the strike, and we were advised to be at the docks promptly at two-fifty p. m. and that a tender would take us to the steamer which lay out in the river and which had not docked on account of the labor trouble.

We called at St. George's Hall but it was closed so as to get it ready for the concert to be held there in the afternoon. I expressed some regret at not being able to visit the building, and then a policeman at the door got permission for us to enter and we were shown through the Hall. The organ recital takes place in the immense auditorium in which is one of the largest organs in the world. The organist gets a large salary, but there is only a small charge for admission to the recitals. We were in the criminal court room in which the American, Mrs. Maybrick, was tried and found guilty of poisoning her husband.

Liverpool has a very fine museum and a first class library and art gallery.

There was much uneasiness and excitement at the dock when we arrived there. I asked a person who seemed to be at leisure when the Carmania would sail and he replied, "Not for a month." At three-ten p. m. we left the docks on the tender Skirmisher (a very appropriate name for the occasion) and were soon on board the Carmania. It was a large fine boat. We were assigned to the first table and got a card marked "R. M. S. Carmania. Second Cabin. First Sitting. Breakfast 7:30 a. m. Dinner 12 m. Tea 5:00 p. m. Seats Nos. 168 and 169."

About eight p. m. I called on the Purser and got two telegrams from friends who wished us a safe voyage, also a letter from home and one for my brother. The mail for America remained on the tender Skirmisher, and it was reported that it would not be put on board until it was known when the ship would sail. It was also reported that the ship was short of about sixty or seventy hands, mostly firemen.

On Sunday morning, July 2d, I was up at four a. m., and as I walked the deck I wondered why capital and labor could not be friends, since the one depended upon the other for its success. It was reported that the mail for America was put on board the night before. A steward told me

that he did not think that we would leave for many days, and our bedroom steward said that the Cunard Company could get plenty of non-union men to make up the deficiency but that the union men would not work with them and that they ought not to do so as the Union had secured all of the benefits for the workingman and that the non-union men would share in all of these benefits without contributing anything to securing such a condition. A passenger and a steward both told me that a fire was started on board the ship, but I was inclined to think that they were mistaken. Our bedroom steward, however, told me that the strikers would blow up the ship if it went on this trip without a settlement. It was reported at tea that the steamer would take on coal tonight and in the morning and then sail, but a short time after that report I heard an officer tell a passenger that we would leave tonight and get coal at Queenstown. There were all sorts of rumors as to when the ship would leave. The condition was very uncertain, although it was rumored that the strike was settled before I retired on Sunday night.

July 3d when I went on deck four large coal barges lay alongside the steamer, two of them nearly unloaded. Everything was quiet. After breakfast they began to unload again. The Skirmisher ran back and forth on Sunday and during the night, and in the morning it was

alongside the ship again. It left at ten-thirty a. m. with letters from the steamer. It was reported that the ship would sail in the afternoon. At noon the barges were nearly unloaded, and about one p. m. I read the following notice in the main stairway: "To the Passengers of the Carmania: The Cunard Company exceedingly regret the delay and inconveniences caused to the passengers by the strike. They are happy to say, however, that it is practically ended, and the balance of the crew required for the Carmania are this morning joining the vessel. An additional quantity of coal is being put on board as a measure of precaution, and when this operation is completed the ship will be at once despatched. The Company beg to express their thanks to the passengers for the sympathetic manner in which they have accepted the conditions which were unexpectedly thrust upon the Company on Saturday."

The C. P. R. Steamer, the Empress of Britain, left today at one-fifty-five p. m., with the Canadian soldiers who had been attending the Coronation and a full load of passengers. There was immense cheering as she sailed past the Carmania. Flags were flying and whistles were blowing. She had been held up for several days and was just getting away.

At two-fifteen p. m. the following was posted: "Cunard Line R. M. S. Carmania. Announce-

ment to Passengers. This ship will sail at two-forty-five p. m." As a matter of fact, the Carmania sailed at three-ten p. m. The strike was temporarily settled for one month. Every one was happy when the ship started on the voyage. Many Americans were returning home and we had a fine company of second cabin passengers.

This steamer, like most other first class ones, had a fine library on board. It contained about two hundred and fifty well-bound volumes, many of them by well-known English and American authors. The following were a few of the many good books in that library: Beside the Bonnie Briar Bush, It is Never too Late to Mend, Thackery's Vanity Fair and Henry Esmond, Westcote's David Harum, Tennyson's Poems, Shakespeare's Works, Mark Twain's Innocents Abroad, Tom Sawyer and Huckleberry Finn, Mrs. Ward's David Grieve, Scott's Waverly and Kenilworth.

The ship's musicians entertained the passengers with some first- class music. The Carmania is quite a large vessel, said to have a capacity of twenty thousand tons.

On July 4th the steamer stopped at Queenstown at four forty-five a. m. It took on about seventy-five passengers, mostly steerage. A great many dressed sheep were also taken on board, as well as some rhubarb and other garden truck. As none of the large vessels land at Queenstown,

the passengers and cargo are taken off or put on board by a small steamer called a tender. I purchased a couple of Irish newspapers from a newsboy who came on board for a short time. Hundreds of sea gulls were sitting on the water near the steamer while it stopped. The gang plank of the tender America was pulled in and the Carmania was started on its journey again after stopping less than an hour.

If any American was so unpatriotic or so careless as to forget our national holiday, the British steamer Carmania reminded him of the fact, as it was pleasing to see on our breakfast cards the words: "Cunard Line R. M. S. Carmania. Second Cabin. Breakfast. Independence Day, July 4, 1911," followed by a list of eatables.

The coast of Ireland was very pretty. About eight a. m. we passed Fastnet Light House, and at about eleven a. m. we passed a steamer Franconia of this line. It was said to be from Boston bound for Liverpool. It was quite close to us. For several days following the Fourth the weather was foggy and misty and often the steamer would blow its whistle or fog horn every minute.

Several days before we landed at New York, the assistant purser was in the dining room all day giving out landing tickets to native Ameri-

cans as well as to the other passengers. He was very strict with some of the passengers, and they had to sign statements.

On Saturday night there was another concert on board for the benefit of the Seamen's Orphans' Home of New York and Liverpool, and on Sunday there was Episcopal Church services in the first cabin dining room at ten-thirty a. m.

On Monday morning, July 10th, the fog was more dense than at any other time during the trip, but it soon cleared away and it was a very fine day. We saw land about two p. m. and soon after that the pilot came on board. He came out on a small steamer called the New Jersey. In entering the harbor, Staten Island and the Statue of Liberty were welcome to our view. We arrived at the dock shortly after six p. m., paid the duty on a few goods and left for the hotel.

Early the next morning we went to the New York Central Station and left the city at eight forty-five on the fast mail. One hundred and twenty-fifth Street was literally lined with people. In my notes at the time I said, "New York is great. I like it. We have a grand country."

In New York we saw many places where clothes were hung on the sides of the houses just as they were in some of the foreign cities.

Our trip by railway up the Hudson was very interesting. The scenery on both sides of the

river was grand, and the freight and passenger traffic on its surface gave it a lively appearance.

We arrived at Albany about noon and soon left for Buffalo by way of Utica, Syracuse and Rochester, and arrived there at seven p. m. All the way from New York to Buffalo the country presented a lively appearance. There was much activity along the river, and as we approached Utica and for some distance beyond there seemed to be much digging and dredging for the improvement of the public works. At other places hay making and cutting and hauling grain seemed to be the order of the day.

Amid all these scenes of peaceful activity I was pleased that I could call this "my own, my native land," and I thought of these lines:

> "Breathes there a man with soul so dead,
> Who never to himself has said,—
> This is my own, my native land!"

It was very hot the day we arrived in New York and the next day on the way to Buffalo it was so *extremely* hot, that every gentleman in the car had his coat off. On the trip to Buffalo, we occupied a very fine car upholstered in green. The car had forty-four seats including four single ones and could accommodate eighty-four passengers if necessary. On account of a defect in our car we had to change at Buffalo for Toledo, Ohio,

where we arrived very early in the morning of July 12th, and shortly after seven a. m. we left Toledo for home, arriving there about ten a. m., where we found our families well and everything in first class shape.

CHAPTER XVIII

CONCLUSION

One can scarcely realize what progress has been made in the methods of traveling, both by land and by water, during the past forty or fifty years. At the beginning of that period railway service was uncertain and passenger rates were exhorbitant, especially in the West.

I remember when the first Lightning Express ran through our village. It was quite an event and many of the citizens turned out to see it pass through. Although its speed was only about thirty or thirty-five miles an hour, some of the patrons were of the opinion that it was moving at too rapid a rate. Perhaps the speed was too great as the track was not in very good shape as compared with its present excellent condition. The rails were light, the joints were not well secured, and the roadbed, although running through a very level country, was somewhat out of balance.

At that time there was but one track. Now there are three first class tracks, with very heavy rails and built so perfectly that the trains pass over with speed and safety as well as quietly and smoothly.

Formerly a trip from New York to Chicago would require from one and one-half to two days instead of eighteen or twenty hours as at present. All of the first class roads, and there are many of them now, are built more substantially than they were several years ago, and they are equipped with the best palace and Pullman cars. It is now a pleasure to travel from the Atlantic to the Pacific or from the Great Lakes to the Gulf.

The improved facilities for traveling by water have kept pace with those marked out by the railway. Thirty-five or forty years ago it required from eight to twelve days for a steamer to make the trip from New York to Liverpool, but now it can easily be made in six or seven days.

Not many years ago it was thought quite an undertaking to go to Europe, but now it is considered only a short holiday jaunt. An ocean voyage! What a comfort! There is no other place in the world where a person can rest so well as on one of those large floating palaces on the bosom of the deep.

In America almost everyone travels first class. In fact, as a rule there are very few second class tickets sold. There are no local second class rates, and second class through rates are only a trifle lower than first class.

A citizen of the United States who has never traveled in a foreign country is likely to get a

wrong impression as to the advantages or disadvantages of the different classes of railway travel.

In 1880, while traveling in Europe, I traveled many miles by first class as some of the express trains in France were composed of carriages of that class only. I prefer however, to travel second class rather than either first class or third class on all foreign railways.

By choosing that class a person will not be so exclusive as he would be in first class, and yet not so crowded as in the third class.

Some years ago an eminent American scholar, who made an extensive tour in Germany, is reported to have said that he traveled in the third class as the best means of coming in contact with the learned men of the country.

Very few of the people in any of the foreign countries that I have ever visited travel in what are designated first class carriages, and in some of the foreign countries the great majority of them travel third class.

The second class carriages are as clean and as comfortable as the first class, but they are not so nicely furnished.

Several business men in Australia told me that they always traveled second class but that their clerks traveled first class.

On my first two trips to Europe and return I traveled by first cabin. Many of the steamers at that time carried only two classes, first cabin and

steerage, but as a rule on those steamers that carry first and second cabin passengers the second cabin berths are the most popular. The price is much lower and the passengers are not so aristocratic.

Among the second cabin passengers you will find ministers, lawyers and doctors, as well as retired army officers and other notables. In fact, I prefer second cabin to first cabin as a means of coming in contact with some of the best people in the world.

It was my good fortune to have as a fellow passenger on the Steamship India from Colombo to Port Said an ex-member of the Federal Parliament of Australia. He and his sister were traveling in India, but on account of the plague that had broken out there all foreigners were requested to leave the country by a certain time or remain there and be quarantined, and thus they became passengers on the India. He was rather fortunate in being selected as one of the guard of honor at Buckingham Palace and received a Coronation Medal from the king.

On the steamer from Australia to New Zealand I had the pleasure of meeting Sir William J. Lyne, a member of the Federal Parliament of Australia. He had also been a member of the First Commonwealth Ministry, having been Minister of Home Affairs.

He was proud of the fact that it was through

his efforts that the women of Australia were first permitted to vote at the Commonwealth elections. He was also pleased to say that he had been more than thirty years in public life.

Women are eligible to become members of the Commonwealth Parliament of Australia. It seems strange, however, that in New Zealand where women have been voters for more than twenty years that they should be ineligible to become members of Parliament. It is said that the ballot was given to the women of New Zealand without their request.

I made a statement on a previous page in regard to the graduated land tax, having for its object the division of the large estates up into smaller parcels. Both New Zealand and Australia have such a law.

In discussing this subject with an ex-member of the New Zealand Parliament, he boasted that it was the easiest thing in the world to beat the government and that he evaded the tax by making a sham division of his estate so that the law would not affect it.

I have since learned that the New Zealand law has not accomplished its object.

As regards Australia, from advices received this year (1914) from an ex-member of the Federal Parliament, I learned that, "The graduated land tax has worked as a revenue tax and is not splitting up the large estates. The big men pass

it on. There has been some subdivision of estates —but only such as the natural increases of population caused."

Until recently each state of the Commonwealth of Australia issued its own postage stamps, and while the different states had stamps of the same value they were of different designs and could not be used except in the state where issued. At present, however, postage stamps are issued by the Commonwealth, good in each of the six states. It is provided that the individual states shall not issue any stamps in the future.

Before the Federation, each of the colonies made its own tariff laws, and as New South Wales had established free trade and as it was one of the richest and most prosperous of all the colonies, it was loth to join in the proposed Federal government as it had misgivings that an obnoxious tariff would be forced upon it.

Shortly after the formation of the Commonwealth, however, the tariff question was adjusted by the establishment of interstate free trade, but because of exceptional circumstances in Western Australia provisions were made for the retention of interstate duties by that state during the five years after the imposition of uniform duties with foreign countries. This special concession to Western Australia came to an end on October 8, 1906, since which time trade between all the states has been free.

To satisfy all parties when the Commonwealth was formed, there was a provision put into the constitution that the Federal capital should be in New South Wales, distant not less than one hundred miles from Sydney. In August, 1904, the Federal Parliament fixed the seat of government at Dalgety in New South Wales, but on the 14th of September, 1908, this act was repealed and the following selection was made in its stead:

"It is hereby determined that the seat of government of the Commonwealth shall be in the district of Yass-Canberra in the state of New South Wales. The territory to be granted to, or acquired by, the Commonwealth, within which the seat of government shall be, should contain an area of not less than nine hundred square miles, and have access to the sea."

The spot selected as the seat of government is southeast of Sydney a short distance off of the railway from that place to Melbourne.

John Foster Fraser says of it, in his book entitled, "Australia: The Making of a Nation": "Yass, as a town, is little more than a name. It is an extremely picturesque spot. But it is not on the road to anything, except scenery."

The territory selected for the seat of government will not be subject to any state law but will be entirely under the control of the Federal government of Australia, just as the District of Co-

lumbia is under the control of the Federal government of the United States.

Many Australians seem to think that the seat of government will not be moved to the new site but that the Federal Parliament will meet indefinitely at Melbourne.

Yass-Canberra, or rather Canberra, as no doubt the new city will be called, is in the District of Canberra two thousand feet above sea level. It is said that its delightful climate and picturesque surroundings will make it an ideal place for a capital city.

About three years ago there was an international competition for the best plans for the capital city, and the world was surprised that the successful competitor was an American from Chicago. No doubt before long the new capital city will spring up under his supervision.

Much has been said as to when, where, and how one should travel. No absolute rule can be given as so much depends on the tastes, habits and inclinations of each individual.

"See America First," "Take a Trip to the Pacific Coast Before you go to Europe," and similar advice does not mean much to the average American. Where should one go? As a matter of course, every one should become somewhat acquainted with his own country before he makes an extended trip to a foreign land. He should be interested in it, he should know something of

its resources and become acquainted with some of its rivers, lakes and mountains. And yet, if I were a citizen of an eastern state, I think that I would make a trip to Europe before I went to the Pacific coast, and if I were a resident of the Pacific coast I think I would make a trip to Honolulu before going to New York.

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